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COMMISSION

APPOINTED BY

H. E. THE MINISTER OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

TO EXAMINE THE RESULTS OBTAINED BY THE

CAVÉ METHOD.

MEMBERS OF THE COMMISSION.

President: M. ROULAND, Director-General.

Vice-President: M. PILLET, Chief of Division in the Ministry of Public Instruction.

HISTORICAL PAINTERS.

M. EUGENE DELACROIX, Member of the Institute.

M. PICOT, Member of the Institute.

M. BELLOC, Director of the Imperial Special School of Drawing.

M. LANDOIS, Inspector of the Paris Academy.

M. BOILAY, Councillor of State.

M. RITT, Inspector-General of Primary Instruction.

M. RENDU, Inspector-General of Instruction.

M. DUC, Architect.

M. DELACROIX APPOINTED TO REPORT.



THE CAVÉ METHOD OF DRAWING,—FOR
STUDENTS—SECOND PART.

C O L O R.

BY

MADAME MARIE ÉLISABETH CAVÉ,
MEMBER OF THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS OF AMSTERDAM.

16.57.5.

APPROVED BY M. EUGENE DELACROIX, FOR TEACHING
PAINTING IN OILS AND WATER-COLORS.

To See, to Understand, to Remember, is to Know.—RUBENS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE THIRD FRENCH EDITION.

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REPORT OF M. DELACROIX.

MR. MINISTER:—

The Commission nominated by Your Excellency to give its opinion upon the method of Madame Cavé, and upon the question as to whether that method can be introduced into the schools, has the honor of presenting to Your Excellency the results of the examination that it has made.

The uncertain rate of progress in teaching drawing, the want of fixed principles that has prevailed in the instruction of it up to this day, even from remote ages, have long since rendered it desirable to have a method surer in its results, and capable of being applied by all teachers alike.

Anything like demonstration is impossible by the ordinary methods of instruction: the different ways in which the masters may regard the instruction and the art itself become the rule—a very variable one, as we can imagine—that governs the schools. Even admitting that these different roads can lead to an almost common result, that is to say, to a satisfactory knowledge of drawing, it is easy to see how important the functions of the master become, and how necessary it is that his special talents should qualify him for guiding the pupils in the midst of the uncertainty of the rules.

The first difficulty in such a method of instruction consists, then, in finding a sufficiently large number of teachers endowed with indispensable talents, and resigned to the exercise of functions that are, of course, poorly recompensed.

The second, and perhaps the most insurmountable difficulty, consists in the impossibility of procuring good models. Those that are met with in the schools, produced in all the successive styles, chosen hap-hazard, devoid of correctness or expression, can only vitiate the pupil's taste, and render the best guidance almost useless.

Your Excellency's predecessor, M. Fortoul, like all judicious minds, had been struck with such a deplorable deficiency. Aware of the novel results obtained by Madame Cavé's method, he had nominated, to examine into the process, a Commission, the majority of which did not declare

themselves in favor of its adoption, but without approving the old method of instruction, the inconveniences of which had been almost unanimously recognized. The use of the tracing-copy, introduced by Madame Cavé into her method, seemed especially to arouse the scruples of the Commission, and it was impossible for the greater part of its members to recognize in it anything more than the mechanical repetition of the models, almost wholly devoid of all intelligent and rational imitation.

Fresh successes of the Cavé method have awakened the solicitude of Your Excellency. 'It seems to you, to-day, that in view of satisfactory and permanent results, the processes employed for obtaining them might not have been sufficiently understood. There is occasion, then, for reverting to so interesting a question, and, in order to give additional light to the Commission appointed for this purpose, it has been decided that the elements of the method should be presented to them and expounded by some person habituated to their use. M. d'Austrive, professor of drawing according to the Cavé method, has been charged with this, and, thanks to the experience thus obtained, it has become easy to deliver an opinion upon the method with full knowledge of its advantages and its drawbacks.

The principal difference between the method and its predecessor consists in this: that it is first of all necessary to train the eye, by giving it some sure means of correcting its mistakes in the estimates of lengths and foreshortenings.

A transparent tracing-copy (*calque*) is put into the pupil's hands, so that by applying it from time to time to his drawing, he can himself recognize his faults and correct them. This incessant correction does not enable him to dispense with the attention that he must give to the original. After several attempts have shown him to what extent his eye has been capable of deceiving him, he redoubles his care to avoid mistakes that reveal themselves to him with a degree of evidence that could never be attained by the mere counsels of a master. His attention is furthermore kept up by the necessity in which he is placed of repeating from memory this first attempt thus corrected.

This second operation, in which the pupil seeks to recall the absent model, by drawing from memory his first attempt, has for its object to engrave still more deeply in his mind the relations of the lines to one another, and when, by a third operation, he has to copy the model again, this time

without the aid of the verifying trace copy, we feel that he must bring to this last task a more intelligent power of imitation.

It has been observed, in fact, in the attempts submitted to the inspection of the Commission, that this third draught ordinarily presented traces of a lively feeling, and one less restrained by the necessity of the precision to which the pupil had been forced in his drawing, executed by the aid of the verifying trace-copy.

The entire method consists in these three successive operations, which are applied equally to drawing from the relief and to the demarcation of shadows. The pupil thus acquires, and by very simple means, a very accurate appreciation of the laws of perspective in the human form, where we know that they are much more difficult, even impossible to realize in a mathematical manner by the means that the former methods have employed.

It seems unnecessary to enter into the details of the exercises that have for their final object to familiarize the pupil with handling the crayon, and obtaining lightness of hand, together with accuracy of eye. It will suffice to declare, in favor of this method, that not only can it be taught more practically than any other, but that it has a reliable starting-point, such as no other can offer.

It is in point to speak of the influence that the models are destined to exercise upon the progress of the pupils. These models are nothing more or less than the most beautiful specimens of the drawings of the great masters, or engravings from their pictures. With regard to those taken from antiques, they are drawn from the reliefs, by means of glass or transparent gauze, which offers, as objects of study, only figures traced with an exactitude of rigorous perspective.

The question relative to the choice of teachers is not less worthy of attention. The trace-copy, put into the hands of the pupil and designed to give him complete certainty as to the accuracy of his copy, renders the teacher's task infinitely more easy. Persons of second-rate talent, but merely familiar with the processes of the method, can become very good teachers. Even pupils can be substituted when they have reached a certain degree of facility in imitating the models.

We have seen this performed in the primary schools, where the method has been applied, and where the drawings have seemed very remarkable. The directors of these

schools had no knowledge of drawing. It is enough to say that the same would be the case in all the communes, where it would be almost impossible to have a teacher. We can therefore judge that the same principles, followed up in their development by experienced masters, would yield still more satisfactory results. Instruction in drawing, thanks to this new process, would gain in greater utility from an industrial point of view. It is known how many professions are based upon drawing. To extend the means of instruction in this direction is, then, to render a real service to the working classes. The models, which can be easily multiplied by all sorts of objects taken from nature, would augment the number of designs employed in ornamental work, in stuffs, in decorations of every kind, and would offer a variety and purity of form that would rescue industry and the arts from the triviality of conventional types, that tend to bring about their decay.

Such are the considerations resulting from the examinations of Madame Cavé's method.

The Commission has judged the principles of it to be useful, and has the honor of recommending them to Your Excellency.

M. DELACROIX.

This report was approved and signed unanimously at the meeting held the second of December, 1861.

By a decree dated February 19th, 1862, His Excellency, the Minister of Public Instruction, upon the report of the Commission, authorized the rectors of the academies of Douai and Caen to apply the Cavé method in the normal schools of their jurisdiction.

M. Doudiet d'Austrive, professor of the Cavé method, was charged with explaining and carrying out the method in the above-named schools.

CAVE'S MANUAL OF COLOR.

FIRST LETTER.

ANTIQUES—GREAT MASTERS.

You answered M. de C—— perfectly, my dear Julia, when you told him that it was intentional, my not recommending above all to my pupils the study of antiques, of Raphael and the great masters who have followed him.

I should take good care not to. Just as I do not make use of other persons' glasses, so I have instructed your daughters according to my own observations. If the result is good, why trouble yourself about the criticisms of the classical professors? Have they any scholars who can, like mine, after a year's study, draw from memory a Raphael, a Watteau, or any other master, beyond the possibility of being mistaken? Certainly not. Then I am right in making them acquainted with the masters before talking to them about them.

It is my principle not to begin at the end. The antiques, Raphael, Poussin, are the masters of style. To speak of style to a pupil who does not know how to draw, is to speak

of colors to a blind man. I do not wish your daughters to be like the children who are made to learn by heart the fables of La Fontaine, and who repeat like parrots those lessons of lofty philosophy. When the age of discretion arrives, they despise them because they have never understood them, and they persist in regarding them, after the manner of their ancestors, as nothing more than dolls, hobby-horses, and toy dogs to amuse their children.

It is with the antiques, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Poussin, as with Homer, Plato, Plutarch. One must be well on in one's studies in order to comprehend them.

I have not bored your daughters, then, with the great masters, as children are bored with our beautiful fables. First impressions are so seldom modified that it is prudent not to speak to pupils about great things until they are capable of appreciating them.

The arts and the sciences have their mysteries also, which may not be revealed to infancy; that would be exposing delicate eyes to a burning light.

But to-day I think that I am free to speak, and that I shall be understood.

In our drawing lessons, before placing your daughters in the presence of nature, I confronted them with the masters of all the schools, in order that they might see how these latter had interpreted nature while drawing it. To-day, in our lessons in coloring, before placing them in the presence of nature, I shall confront them with the colorists, in order that they may see how these latter have interpreted it with the brush. But I shall continue to be impartial: pupils are

not made by imposing one's own tastes and predilections upon them. I neither teach my manner of drawing nor my manner of painting. My pupils have all the great masters for their professors, since, by means of the tracing copy, the masters come of themselves and set to work, saying: "That is not right: begin over again, correct."

I might write to you that Watteau seems to me to be the master for women. But perhaps there is something in my organization which resembles his, and which makes me appreciate him more than another woman would. So I suffer the inclination, the feelings of your daughters to develope and guide themselves uninfluenced. I have opened for them a long road, very wide at the starting-point. At first there is room for everybody; but, as one advances, it narrows and becomes difficult. Many rest by the way; very few reach the end. It is Elysium, Paradise: many called and few chosen.

But before reaching those summits where the choicest flowers sparkle, there are charming harvests to be gathered upon the lower slopes. How many wonders, from Teniers, who has painted the pleasures of Bacchus, down to Watteau, animating the woods and the gardens. See those parks and those meadows with their roaming pairs, so happy in their chatting and sporting that we catch ourselves enjoying them; enough to make us believe that they did nothing else under Louis XV. The trees belong so completely to the persons, and the persons to the trees, that we feel that they breathe the same air. An atmosphere of happiness is spread over all this nature, and, if Watteau has not wished to make poetry,

we must at least admit that he puts a great deal of it in the hearts and minds of those who contemplate his works.

He has painted the nature that was before his eyes. If the costume of the age of Louis XV. had had any character, he would be a painter of style, for it is impossible to be more faithful than he is; and style is natural movement.

The great masters prove this. Phidias has reproduced the beautiful forms and the grand figures that were before his eyes. What have Raphael and Poussin done? We see that they had the fixed intention of expressing well the great scenes that inspired them. They cling to them with a sort of piety, giving to each one of their personages his physiognomy, his attitude, and his action. For instance, they have both painted wood-sawers: what admirable faces! and how they are men of our day! the same correct and natural movement. The only difference is in the costume. And yet, if Raphael and Poussin had only painted wood-sawers, they would not have passed for masters of style. There are so many prejudices upon the matter of style.

Those who admire the great masters from the true point of view, admire all those who have adopted the same principle.

Placed before nature, your daughters perfectly appreciated everything without effort, without theoretical explanations, just as they knew perspective without knowing the how and the wherefore. They learned as children learn to talk, without grammar or dictionary. Is it not acknowledged that the best way of learning languages is to speak them from the first? I have adopted this principle.

Children, pupils, work on. You will soon know why.

You have the good fortune not to have any master, or to have one who is in no hurry to be witty in your presence.

To-day, if I say to your daughters: "Style is born of sweeping lines; it is the harmony of contrasts; when a figure gives you a sweeping line on one side, it is very much broken up by movement on the other," I shall be understood. The antiques, the Raphaels, Poussins, and Lesueurs that they drew from memory, have spoken before me. With a single word I set them on the road to style.

Give them an example. Select from the common people a little girl of ten to twelve, dress her in a long shirt without sleeves, and let her move and act without seeming to watch her. She will present movements of incredible style and beauty, revealing to your daughters the beautiful angels of our great masters.

Add a second shirt, reaching below the knees and fastened at the waist, they will recognise the beautiful women of Poussin.

A young girl of twelve, brought up among the people, is ordinarily natural; her movements are her own, and she has the carriage of the antiques, for the human race is the same in all ages. Mannerism comes from manners and fashions, which do not spoil children so soon in life. So Raphael selected his virgins among children: we see it in the shape of their foreheads and the contour of their cheeks. Never, except in young girls and young boys of twelve, have I found those simple and noble attitudes which characterize all the works of this divine painter.

I am confident that Mary, who, every evening, draws from

memory her beautiful engravings, assents to every word of mine, as to an acknowledged truth. In fact, I only make such observations to her as she has already made herself. Was I wrong, then, in commencing by giving her that experience?

The experience of one's professors is like that of one's parents: it corrects nothing, it teaches nothing. We profit only by our own experience. The Creator of all things has willed it thus; in order that we should remain human; otherwise, from one experience to another, ever progressing, we should simply be gods by this time.

With a little of philosophy in our hearts, we can pardon those fools who upset our country, crying: Progress! progress! They do not know that progress in everything has its limits, which it is impossible for us to cross. Governments are like men, a happy mixture of good and bad. I said a happy mixture, and I will not take it back: without the bad, we should not know the good.

Perhaps it is also necessary that governments should have their days of calm and their days of tempest. After the storms, the arts revive. And what an admirable thing it is, a revival of art. The arts are like flowers, they wait until the frosts and snows have melted before they display themselves gloriously in the sun. Only in history there are very long winters. We could wish that every government had hot-houses for bad weather, that is, schools where the study of art might calm the young heads of fifteen or eighteen. Art is the contact of the spirit of man with the spirit of God. The artist thinks more than he speaks, and we speak too

much and too well ; thus it happens that we no longer understand one another.

But you wish, then, some one will say to me, a society of painters and sculptors ? No. I mean that art which, among the ancients, was applied to everything ; that art which set its signet upon all the professions, and which reached from the handle of a sauce-pan to the statue of the master of the gods. With them, everything was cared for and in good taste. In those times, a twentieth of the population, at the most, busied themselves with giving laws to the rest, with advising, with criticising ; whereas, to-day, nineteen-twentieths wish to decree and advise. We are in a theatre where there is scarcely anybody left but actors.

If all the cotton in the world were run through a bonnet frame, there would be nothing but cotton bonnets. You put all the brains through the same loom, from which nothing but writers come out. Is this wise ? is it judicious ? I am no enemy of the pen. But you, if you loved the pencil and the brush a little better, you would feel all the better for it. But here I am giving lessons to governments that will not listen to me ! What a blunder ! I will come back to you, who do hear me, to embrace you.

M. É. C.

SECOND LETTER.

ON COLOR WITHOUT COLORS.

BEFORE giving our young pupils a palette, my dear Julia, I must make them thoroughly understand what color is.

In common parlance the name of colorist is reserved for the painter who possesses the science of the harmony of colors. He who does not have this science, but places colors one along-side of the other, commits an absurdity. He is like a man sitting down before a chess-board without knowing the game, and moving his pieces hither and thither ; a singer that has neither a correct voice nor a correct ear, splitting the ears of his hearers. A picture by such a painter is no painting, it is an indescribable something, false and discordant, created for the torture of the eye. How many of this sort have I seen at the famous exhibition of 1848 ! That was the image of the age.

We must confine ourselves to making color without colors, when we have no instinct for tones, and no talent for harmonizing them. This is another way of being a colorist, which is not so well known to the vulgar, and to which I shall consecrate this letter. It will be almost a repetition ; for already, in my course of drawing, I have taught it to your daughters. If they have read me attentively, if they have forgotten nothing, they will understand perfectly my new explanations.

Color without colors is *chiaro-oscuro*.

An engraving which has nothing but light and shade is colored, if the light is distributed in such a way as to strike the eye. Of this kind are Rembrandt's engravings. This grand colorist is especially concerned about his light; he disposes it with magic art. It is the sun of his creation.

God has given us this great lesson in coloring, by making the earth round, with a single sun to light it; here, directly; there, more or less obliquely. From his point of view, if indeed he looks at us from up there, he must enjoy the most striking and varied effects. For him, that part of the globe which receives the direct rays of the sun is the most salient point of his momentarily shifting panorama. Further off, shadows appear on every side and form the most diversified and attractive scenes. Inasmuch as the earth is not lit up everywhere at the same time, we can say then, as I have said of Rembrandt, that God has disposed the light. What a master for those painters who know how to study his works!

In order to understand me, take a ball and shift its luminous point by holding it to the light of a lamp. You will see through how many gradations its light passes, from the brightest part to the darkest ones.

To his lesson in coloring God has added a lesson in picturesqueness, by interposing clouds between the sun and the earth. He thus changes the uniform order of light, and gives it those unexpected shapings, those ever new effects, which delight us; we might almost say that he has not been willing that ennui should attack us.

In imitating him, the painter who is gifted with an observing spirit can place the light where he wishes ; for in a picture we only see the effect of the light without its cause, inasmuch as the cause is almost always outside the limits of the canvas.

But who knows how to profit by the great lessons that the Creator gives us every moment ? Pride has ruined us on our entry into the world. It renders us blind ; we believe ourselves demi-gods, capable of creating. No, we can create nothing. We are only imitators, and it is only by that title that we are worth anything. Great men are only the great apes of creation ; and, in the presence of the author of all things, we should have that ingenious and naïve awkwardness which we study with so much interest in the imperfect beings that imitate us on earth.

Were I a political woman, I should add that the best governed countries are those whose inhabitants have taken their form of government from on high, and accept from their chief what they accept from God. When it rains, is everybody pleased ? And we would have every act of our ruler satisfy everybody at once ! Is it possible ?

But I am only a painter, thank Heaven ! And, as I have already said, the painter, continually on the look-out in the presence of nature, acquires a groundwork of philosophy that renders him happy. He enjoys in this world so many things that cost him nothing, his imagination procures him so many treasures, that he soars, so to speak, above the petty weaknesses and miseries of this world.

So, my dear Julia, your daughters will be eternally grate-

ful to you for having made them learn the art of drawing. I thank my mother for it every day, amid my enemies and troubles. What a comforter she has given me! And what a resource, should fortune come to play you false! For on what can one rely in a country that dates by revolutions, except on one's own availability? Make haste, then, my dear pupils, to have a true talent; to-morrow, perhaps, you ~~will~~ have need of it.

You already know how to draw; take your brushes.

From color without colors, which we cannot call luminous color, we will pass to the color of harmony, which water-colors teach in a clear and precise manner. But I take it for granted that I am addressing Eliza and Mary, who know my first lessons: without which they would not understand the second ones; they would not even understand this letter, which I close in bidding you all three, adieu.

M. E. C.

THIRD LETTER.

THE NIGHT WATCH OF REMBRANDT.

THIS is the occasion for speaking to you, my dear Julia, of Rembrandt's Night Watch, a master-piece of *chiaro-oscuro*, of depth, and of atmosphere. It is a magical work.

In this picture it was that I found all the processes that I am about to give you for making objects advance or recede.

It was audacious, it is true, to undertake upon a little sheet of white paper, with water-colors, a work that might be called the vigor of vigors.

But then I have found the secret that I was looking for : to detach the personages in a picture in such a manner that the air will circulate around them, and that those in the back-ground will not be in the vapor.

The Night Watch of Rembrandt is lit up just like the half of a ball, as I have mentioned to you. Having discovered that, I began to give the *chiaro-oscuro* with a single graduated tone ; then I painted over it in the shadow precisely as in the light ; and I found that it was with water-colors alone that such secrets could be discovered, and with water-colors alone that they could be painted.

If you only knew how easy painting in oils appeared to me after that work. I was able to hit upon the tone of the figures in the back-ground, which is as accentuated, as luminous, as vigorous as that of the figures in front.

You will see this by following, step by step, the lessons that I am going to give you.

I also found the shadow of the light, which is the whole color, all in this picture.

Bonington had hit upon the very same processes in endeavoring to copy a Rubens in water-colors. This proves that truth is one and the same, for I was not acquainted with this great colorist; it was M. Carrier who informed me of it, after having read the first edition of this book.

As soon as your daughters have practiced upon single models, you will also place them before a great master and a great composition.

You can make them commence the study of the principles of color with an engraving, in order that they may not have to trouble themselves with two things at once: the processes that I am to give them, the tone of the work that they will have to copy. You understand, of course, that a little more yellow, a little more blue, makes things more or less dark, more or less light. Let us then commence learning the principles of color from a model without colors. You will see studies that are, at times, extraordinary. Young girls had mastered the charcoal so thoroughly, had become so intelligent by following scrupulously my method in coloring, that I have seen water-colors made from engravings, in the very tone of the master. Above all, it is the colorists that they execute the best, because all the processes have been taken from colorists.

So, when your daughters will be able to find the tone by

means of water-colors, they will find it for pastel painting, for painting on ivory and porcelain.

With regard to painting in oils: as soon as you know water-colors, I will give you the method of painting; as soon as you have applied these processes to water-colors, you will have the key to all color.

FOURTH LETTER.

LESSON—SELECTION OF PAPER AND BRUSHES—METHOD OF
STRETCHING THE PAPER—MANNER OF WASHING-IN.

IT is not easy, my dear Julia, to find brushes and paper suitable for water-colors. The best way of paying dear, is to hunt for a good bargain. A brush for six francs may last six months, a year; a brush for two francs will last only two weeks, because, at that price, it is very unusual to find a decent one. A brush, to be good, must be elastic, that is, when it has been wet and worked into a point against the rim of the glass, the point should always re-adjust itself when turned to the right or the left. Short and thick brushes especially possess this quality, and their points, although very fine, are firm and springy. A good brush may be used both for drawing an eye and making a sky. It is better, however, to keep the old ones for making the skies and back-grounds, so as to spare the points of the new ones.

With regard to the paper, choose it heavy, and dry to the touch. Paper that has been long kept is worth much more than new paper, which has the additional disadvantage of having been made by machinery. By wetting the paper with your tongue, you will see whether it has been well sized, that is to say, whether it does not absorb water, which is the essential point.

“Poor workmen never find good tools,” says the proverb.

Perfectly natural; either they have never been taught how to select, or poor ones are given them, although they need better ones than other workmen. It is harder to fight two enemies than one. A good fighter with a poor sword may be formidable, but what can a poor fighter do with a poor sword? Give your daughters, then, the best that there is in the way of brushes and paper; you will spare them many a trial by making their task easier. After a while, they will be at liberty to perform feats, to paint with matches, or to make water-colors on the wrong side of the paper.

But first they must learn to find the right side.

Take a sheet of paper, hold it flat on a level with your eye; if you observe any streaks, or anything like scraper-marks on the surface, you have the wrong side, and you can mark it with a cross.

The great thing is, now, to stretch this paper on the board. Follow carefully this recipe, which is as difficult to follow as the one for those famous preserves that we missed so admirably, according to the *Family Cook*. I am going to try and be as simple and clear as its learned author.

Fold and cut your paper of the size that you have selected; wet thoroughly the wrong side of the sheet, with a sponge, and lay it upon the board evenly and without wrinkles; then, in order not to soil or rub it, place on top, edge to edge, a piece of ordinary paper.

But, before doing this, wet a piece of mouth-glue, which you can hold between your lips, so as to have it ready for use.

Now, with the thumb and fore-finger, spreading them as

far apart as possible, press the two papers upon the board, and then pass your mouth-glue under the edge of the moistened paper; you have then only to bear upon the paper on top with the back of your pen-knife, rubbing it until the other paper is glued tight.

By taking care to keep the mouth-glue soft, you can thus go all around the board without being in a hurry.

During the operation, a book placed upon your sheet of paper will serve to hold it flat.

“Having followed all these directions carefully, let it dry, and you ought to have a favorable result.”

This is called the bore of water-colors. We must set about it resolutely and in cold blood. Boards can be bought already stretched, but the paper is not always good; it is often on the wrong side; besides, when one has found a quality of paper to one's liking, it is not pleasant to change. We must, then, at the outset, form the good habit of helping ourselves.

Oh! confess that I must indeed be possessed with the desire of making good pupils, to have the courage to write all that. I bestow my malediction upon those who will not carry out all that I prescribe. I pronounce them unworthy, and forbid their reading these letters.

While we are learning to stretch our paper, let us divert ourselves a little by learning to handle our brush.

We are going to make some attempts at dull tints on ordinary writing paper, with ivory-black, for instance. Let us, with the brush, put some drops of water on a piece of guard-paper, and add to them a little ivory-black, to make a gray

tone. This tone made, we will take some of it, with the brush, and wash-in some squares on the paper. In order to succeed in making them perfectly uniform, we must ascertain how much water we can leave in the brush, and we shall see that we need not be afraid of taking too much. We will also make bands of all widths along-side of one another, in order to learn how to reserve the white parts with precision. If we have too much water left, on coming to the end of what we are trying to execute, we can dry our brush by holding it against the rim of the glass, and it will soon take up the excess. These exercises are extremely useful, and will not be slow to make us mistresses of our brush.

From this we will pass to the first drawings of houses that I sent your daughters. The brush, in their hands, is about to replace the pencil. Let them commence by tracing the drawings very lightly, in order to avoid using bread-crumb and india-rubber, which render wash-paper very bad. This tracing accomplished, they will lay on the half-tints everywhere, only reserving the whites with the exactness that I have enjoined.

You see, from the very first step, how necessary it is to be able to draw from memory. In water-colors, it is always necessary to lead off correctly; a correction is not possible.

While the half-tint is drying, and not to lose time, your daughters will return to their guard-paper and repeat the exercises that I have above indicated. When the paper is dry, and has become stretched once more, they will draw the architectural lines with the point of the brush; after that, they will go over the shadows with tints more or less dark.

They may be obliged to go over the most vigorous parts twice.

From houses they will pass to draped figures, to heads, to hands, to trees, to skies ; after that, they will shade, by washing-in; all that they may have in the way of engravings.

Finally, they will wash-in, from memory, in order that the brush may replace the pencil, and replace it with an equal amount of skill.

M. É. C.

FIFTH LETTER.

REMARKS—USEFULNESS OF BORES—HISTORY OF SOPHRONIA.

STUDY, my dear Julia, is like everything in this world, a mixture of trouble and pleasure; the study of water-colors no less than every other. Its beginnings are always hard; my last letter has proved that, both by the ennui that it has caused you, and by the difficulty of carrying out my instructions; but I promise to indemnify you for it. Water-color is a fairy, with hands full of beautiful golden fruit for obedient and studious children.

But to stretch a sheet of paper, what torture! No doubt; fortunately, we can escape from it. This is one of my little secrets that I am going to impart to you. There is another torture besides that of stretching paper; it is to see a bore enter, one of those out of employ, who come buzzing around us like drones around the live. Well, I have found the way to neutralize one bore by another. Bores are almost always good-humored and obliging. When I see one enter, immediately I set about stretching my paper. He sees me impatient and unhappy; that touches him; he assists me at first, and winds up by doing the drudgery himself. Would you believe it? I have at times seen a bore with a certain amount of pleasure. I have even seen more than one man of intelligence solicit a bore's task.

By the way, there seems to be almost an entire system of

conduct there for an intelligent woman, provided she is a little bit pretty, to take the good of things for one's self, and leave the bad for others. But that would be selfishness, and I will none of it. Simply permit me to extract a little profit from these good bores. They do not complain of it. The mouth-glue is their delight.

I had got that far in my letter, my dear Julia, when the Countess Stadmiski was announced. My servant has pushed to such an excess the fault of murdering names, that I looked around, saying: "It is the Countess de Morantais, you mean?" "Yes, ma'am." I got up, in a very bad humor, and went into the parlor.

A thousand to one you would not guess whom I found. Sophronia, our old comrade, who had married, you know, a receiver-general, and is now Countess de Stadmiski. She is as young, as *spirituelle*, as pretty as ever. If I can give you her history as she related it to me, it will interest you, and our girls will see what can be done with one's fingers. She began by enquiring after you; she did not know your name nor your residence. When several young girls quit boarding school, we might say they were on a ship suddenly shipwrecked. Each one escapes her own way, the best she can, like an egoist. But if, some time after, two comrades meet, their friendships revive as briskly as though there had never been any parting. They know each other so well! Sophronia will be rejoiced to make you a visit on her return from Russia.

I have just found, these last few days, a letter that she wrote me the second year of her marriage with the receiver-

general of the Haute-Garonne. I send it to you. It will explain to you, better than I could do it, the commencement of her history :

“ MY DEAR ELIZA: Yesterday evening, at the prefect's, I saw your unfortunate French professor, whom we enraged so much, by way of taking revenge for the ennui that he caused us. And, would you believe it? it was with a feeling of pleasure that I saw his hateful face wrinkle to make me a gracious salutation; for, at that instant, your face and Julia's appeared to me. I thought that he was going to give me some news about you. Not at all. Then I became sad and absent-minded, thinking that we had been separated two years, and not one of us three had broken silence. Am I the most to blame? I know not; but it seems to me that it is ten years since I have seen you, so much has happened in that short space of time.

“ Seven years at boarding school, seven long days: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, lessons in grammar; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, lessons in geography; one Sunday, mass and vespers, and the next, holiday. That was the life. But two years of marriage—two centurics in comparison. At the age of nineteen and a half, I seem to myself an old woman already; for, two months ago, I was happily delivered of my second child. I have the honor, Madame, of informing you of it. Yes, Eliza, I have two daughters. Judge whether I am happy, I who have always pitied the male sex in general, and in particular my poor brother, and above all my husband. When I wrote on the blackboard, in big white letters: ‘God has been well pleased in creating

woman, and has said to man, perfect thyself to please her,' I did not think I was uttering such a great truth. Do you know, my dear friend, that men go through the labors of Hercules in order to be agreeable to us. They give us everywhere the best places, and always the best things. If we drop our handkerchief or gloves, they will break their backs to pick them up. If they have gardens, it is to offer us the flowers; if they have wit, it is to charm us; and if they have hearts, for whom are they, good heavens, if not for us? Have you observed how they detest one another? Those leaves of paper in which they abuse one another every day have surprised me very much; if well-bred men treat each other so, what would the roughs do, if they wrote in the newspapers?

"So I said to my husband, the other day: 'How can you expect women to respect men? You do not respect yourselves.'

"Speaking of my husband, I will tell you something good. I ask myself every day: What have I done that he should love me so much, that he should work as he does from morning to night, for the good of me and my daughters? Really, in his presence I am ashamed of my good-for-nothingness. I take the trouble to rise, to drive out; I give orders to my servants; I play with my two dolls: that finishes the day. In the evening, as soon as they are asleep, I beautify myself to appear in the parlor, where I hear only charming things. I was going to forget the pleasure that I enjoy in buying the most delightful fancy articles for my house, for myself, for my daughters; they bid fair to be as beautiful as any of us. So I swear to you that I shall not stuff them with science.

What good? Men love us just as we are. Our sex is born woman, the other becomes man. Since I have been married, my husband has not once asked me for a song, and I believe that he does not know that I learned drawing. What a mistaken idea I formed about marriage. I was alarmed when people spoke to me of a receiver-general; I believed that he would not converse with me on anything but accounts and figures, and I said to myself: I shall be able to reply, for I have always taken the first prizes in mathematics. On the contrary, he has never spoken to me on serious subjects. What trouble might be avoided, if we were only acquainted beforehand with the man we were to marry. With the exception of my drawing and my music, which have afforded me some pleasant hours, how many bores I did undergo.

“However, to speak frankly, these bores are roses in comparison with all the torments that my poor brother has endured. We have no public examinations to pass: we only get a light varnish of education, to make us shine. But the poor young men! After ten years at college, they have to tremble through examination after examination; then they draw for the conscription; then they are placed in some lawyer's office, where the first person that comes along exposes to them all his troubles, a mass of undecipherable papers: I have seen some of them. At all events, they will be undisturbed in this den of chicanery? No; the state forces them, a second time, to turn soldiers. One order after another to mount guard is brought them; so that they are sentenced, condemned repeatedly to twenty-four hours of prison. Enough to make one hand in his resignation as a man. Very

fortunately, the state shows some mercy: my husband assures me that my brother is not so unhappy as he writes, and that men in general would not be women.

“Perhaps because they are so glad to love us.

“Your darling,

“SOPHRONIA.”

In this somewhat extravagant letter, my dear Julia, you will see better than I could convey to you, what Sophronia's happiness was, and what view she took of life. Four years rolled on after these first two, without changing her circumstances any. But on the morrow of the sixth anniversary of her marriage, the morrow of a day passed in joy, her husband was thrown from his horse: killed on the spot. The poor woman burst into tears while telling me how the dead body had been brought home: “My eyes,” she said, “became so fixed and lustreless that people feared for my reason. There was a friend with me, the wife of the prefect's secretary, who took me and my two daughters to her home. To convey to you an idea of her patient kindness, her attentive tenderness, would be impossible. For one entire year I accepted her devotion, without concerning myself about the trouble I was causing her: an unconcern that was terrible to everybody. At times I would embrace my children, but without thinking of them. I had but one preoccupation: that was to recall the features of my husband and fix them upon paper. I made more than twenty portraits of him, all in different positions. My friend's husband had looked after my affairs; but the state of my health, or rather of my head prevented him from rendering me any accounts. Finally

the doctor, in order to arouse me from my apathy, conceived the idea of revealing to me, all at once, a second misfortune: 'You have left,' he said, 'thirty thousand francs; you have fifteen hundred francs income; from that must be deducted five hundred francs for the lodgings where your furniture is kept, and, as a thousand francs a year will not be enough for you, you will work; a mother, you will work for your children, as he whom you regret worked for them and you.'

"At these words it seemed to me as though I were awaking out of a painful dream: What! I said, I can do something, then, for him who lived only for me. A great duty shone upon me, that saved me from madness. If my husband had left me a fortune, I should be in a lunatic asylum.

"Animated by an energy of which, until then, I had no idea, I conducted my two daughters into our little apartments, which I found charming. The hand and the heart of my friend had gone before me. With delight I saw there once more everything that had belonged to my husband, all that he had touched, all that he had loved. It seemed as though he were there. He was there, in fact: all the portraits that I had drawn during my sickness were hung up around me. Their resemblance was striking: all the expressions of his noble countenance, now smiling, now affectionate, now serious. I knelt down with my daughters before those dear and sacred images, and I felt that a protection from on high descended upon us.

"Not many days after that, a lady came to me, to order the portrait of her daughter, who was about to leave for England. She expressed her regret at this separation, which was

to be for a long time. Again it was my friend that had interested this lady in my case, wishing to give me employment, and to make me understand that there were other troubles in the world besides mine.

“I made this portrait, so to speak, with my heart. Not only was it a likeness, but the eyes of the young girl said good-bye with a tenderness full of poetry: so I had to paint after that her mother, her little brothers and sisters. And these portraits procured me others. I had the merit of hitting the likeness; I was ignorant enough, as you wrote me, not to get off any science at the expense of those who entrusted their faces to me. I contented myself with seeking the physiognomy of each one, his habitual position, adroitly mixing crayon, pastel, and water-color, after the manner of Vidal, a beautiful portrait by whom I had seen at Toulouse.

“I cannot express to you the happiness I felt in earning money, in creating a value out of my fingers, and employing this value for the comfort, the adornment of my little girls. Of all the satisfaction in life, I believe that that is the purest and sweetest; every evening it seemed to me that my husband thanked me for it, and that I slept blissfully. This lasted five years. We lived in mediocrity, but I envied no one.

“God wished to try me still more. Six weeks passed by the bedside of my eldest daughter, who was attacked by the measles, had impaired my health. It took us both a year to recover, during which time I could not handle a pencil. I saw myself, my dear friend, a prey to that torture called want of money. I saw bills come in that I could not pay,

wants that I could not satisfy, mortifications, privations. I cannot tell you what I suffered. I had not the vanity to wish to appear rich, but I had the pride to be unwilling to appear poor. What a conflict I had to sustain with the difficulties of each day! I will tell you no more about them; the recital of those things, the remembrance of them even, now that they are over, gives me a sort of shudder.

“My daughters grew up. The time for their first communion arrived. Every day I conducted them twice to church; there they made the acquaintance of another young girl, Genevieve Stadmiski. On my side I had exchanged a few words with her governess, a very distingué person. Count Stadmiski owned a magnificent chateau in the neighborhood of Toulouse. He had come there seeking a relief that he had found nowhere. He was mourning for his wife, who had died a year after marriage, in giving birth to Genevieve. I saw him for the first time the day of the first communion; like me, he was deeply moved by the ceremony. As we left the church it was raining; the governess came with a message from him offering us his carriage, which I accepted. As soon as we had taken our seats in it, he came himself, to beg us to partake of a small collation. ‘Our children,’ he said, ‘will return to the church together, without being wet.’

“We were in such delicate health at that time, that I gratefully accepted his offer. The Count was acquainted with my entire history. What was an impromptu affair for me was not one for him; everything had been prepared for my reception. It was luxury carried to its utmost; the Count did not know his own wealth. After the breakfast, a gleam

of sunshine permitted us to take a stroll in the park. We directed our steps towards a delicious pavilion, constructed, like the chateau, in the style of the palace at Fontainebleau, but on a very small scale. The clumps of trees that surrounded it on the south and north, made it an abode full of mystery and charm. 'In your place,' I said to the Count, 'I should live here, and leave the chateau to the servants.' 'That is what I shall do,' he replied, 'if you refuse me the favor of coming here and spending the summer. It is not a favor that I am showing you, it is a service that I ask of you; my daughter has need of the society of your two amiable children; with them, see how gay and rosy she becomes.'

"I accepted, looking at Genevieve's cheeks; I had also taken a look at the cheeks of my daughters.

"The Count showed us our rooms, that let in the air and the sunshine in profusion. The next morning we were installed in them. I remained there all summer, and I forgot my troubles so completely that I soon recovered my health, that is to say, my youth. You can guess the rest.

The Count was seized with an extraordinary passion for me. He was extremely fond of painting; his greatest pleasure was to see me make sketches of all the nooks of his park, all the places that we visited together. He mounted them himself and collected them in magnificent albums. He had a rich collection of engravings and works of art; he it was that taught me to know the masters and formed my taste. We complimented each other: he was a connoisseur, but could not hold a pencil; I could handle the pencil, but I knew nothing. I made rapid progress, thanks to his counsels.

What eloquence, when he spoke of art and everything that is beautiful in nature! With his words he painted better than the greatest artist with his brushes.

“ On the other hand, he showed the most incredible tenderness and generosity for my daughters. He seemed to be recompensing them for the gayety and the health that Genevieve had found in their society.

“ You can understand that after six months passed in this way, to separate us would have been to break all our hearts. Then it was that my marriage with the Count was decided upon ; five months later, I married him.

“ Some other day I will tell you how we passed those five months, the finest of my life.

“ There are two ways of being beloved and happy ; I have known them both. The one never quits the earth, the other soars ever above it.”

M. É. C.

SIXTH LETTER.

LESSON — FLESH-TINTS.

WE are going to draw, my dear Julia, several heads; trace them, not on the wrong side but on the right side of your wash-paper, and then stretch the sheet upon the board.

The colors of your palette should be arranged as indicated on the model.*

The sheet being well stretched, let us go over the draught of our heads with cobalt blue and red brown. These two tones mixed can become vigorous, but they are never black or hard; besides, they do not hold to the paper, and are easily erased.

We will then model our faces with indigo, as we have modeled them, in washing, with gray.

We will make pale ones and vigorous ones.

When they have dried, we will put on a general tone. This will be the luminous tone of the flesh. The complexion of brunettes being darker than that of blondes, we will apply dark tints to the heads that are boldly modeled, and light tints to the others. Yellow ochre and vermillion are the colors with which we will make them both. But in what proportions must these colors be mixed, in order to hit upon

* There are some new colors, in tubes, that are also excellent. Not more than half the pastel should be put on the palette.

the light or the dark? Only trials upon the paper can teach us that. Look at nature, and endeavor to imitate her.

Sometimes lake, in small quantities, succeeds better than vermillion; sometimes, too, ochre alone suffices.

The general tone, being dried, gives us light and half-tint.

The shadows remain to be considered.

Naples yellow mixed with a little burnt sienna, there are your shadows. Sometimes the sienna may be replaced by a little vermillion, or a little lake.

All these tones are found in nature. They need only to be sought for, and applied in an accurate manner. When you have decided upon one of them, apply it boldly to all the shaded part, taking great care to spare the half-tint that unites the shadow to the light. These shade-tints are at the same time tints of reflection. We make use of them, washing them less, however, in order to come back to the more vigorous parts. So yellow ochre and lake give the very bold parts under the nose, under the chin, and in the ears. Do you wish for still more boldness? Substitute Italian earth for the burnt sienna.

Lake can also be replaced by burnt sienna. Make your attempts in the presence of nature; with a little tact, you will find the colors to be chosen, you will learn the proportions in which to mix them. Observation alone can be your teacher.

It will tell you that it is with vernilion or lake in small quantities that we compose the rose color that graces the cheeks of youth. Keep on trying; the cheeks of your daughters will serve as models.

Sometimes a very light pink tone will successfully blend

the half-tint with the light. This is what we often observe in the pictures of Rubens.

Reddish brown and cobalt blue will answer for going over the lines that have become too light-colored.

With these two colors it is that black eyes are painted.

I have no need to tell you which one we keep for blue eyes.

Reddish brown will do for the bolder parts of the mouth, the light being obtained with vermillion.

There you have all my secrets, my dear friend. With nine colors, indigo, red brown, cobalt blue, yellow ochre, Italian earth, sienna, Naples yellow, vermillion, and lake, we can make flesh-tints like Correggio and Rubens; rival nature in her most charming creations; in a word, paint those beautiful young brunettes or blondes, those pretty rosy children, for whom the art of water-colors seems to have been invented. Is it not marvellous?

Take note that I say the art of water-colors. It does not suffice to be acquainted with the colors, to know their application, in order to harmonize them as nature does; observation is necessary, instinct, taste combined with experience. We make our dishes overdone or underdone with the best of family cook-books, and we are not good cooks because we do not know the condiments of a dish. (Pardon me, if I seek my comparisons in the kitchen; painters, who are no enemies of good living, nearly all lay claim to shine in it.) We become soup-makers, we are born roasters, Brillat Savarin has said; I can say in turn: we become drawers, we are born colorists. What my son, who has just left college, translates by *nascuntur poetae*.

I do not address my remarks here to every mind, as I did
2*

in teaching drawing from memory. Drawing is a language, which we speak with more or less purity, with more or less style. It is necessary, it can always be applied usefully, like the language we speak.

But color is poetry, that art divine, attainable only to choice spirits, that moves, transports them, and gives birth to master-pieces.

This you need not tell your daughters just yet; their young souls might become over-heated; keep them still in the domain of prose, all the while teaching them, step by step, the processes of water-colors, a dry enough study, but one that will break them in more and more to drawing from memory, which they must know above all, and perfectly. At first I wish to give them what is necessary; later they will become artists, if there is a chance.

Perhaps you will treat me as a twaddler, seeing that I come back so often to drawing from memory; but what can I do? I write these lines in a tremble; I fear that Mary has not resolution enough to resist the fascinations of color until she can give herself up to it without danger. She would only be added to the category of miscarried talents, and all my trouble would be lost. To you I confide these letters, to you, a tender and prudent mother; watch over them as you watch over the novels that your daughters are not old enough to read. The reading of these might be equally injurious to them; they would turn to the novel, and not to the reality; you would make false painters, as novels make false women. Be wise, like nature, that is, never in a hurry. The pupils that we wish to show off before the time are like hot-house plants, that die as soon as they see the light. M. É. C.

SEVENTH LETTER.

REMARKS—ON THE ATMOSPHERE—ON THE ART OF DRESSING—ON CONVENTIONAL COLOR.

MARY writes me that she has no aptitude for color, and that she is rather afraid of meddling with it than anxious to employ it. I have read this passage in her letter, my dear Julia, with pleasure. This timidity proves that she catches the difficulties of the art she is studying, the characteristic of an observing and thoughtful spirit.

Innocence feeding a serpent is an emblem the philosophy of which few persons understand. This one more, this one less, we are all innocents on a thousand occasions. Those who are gifted with the faculty of observing, of comparing, should thank heaven. And even if drawing from memory should give us but this good habit, it would deserve to have altars raised in its honor. Observation and comparison, that is the whole of wisdom.

I will then praise Mary for having noticed that to put atmosphere behind the figures is the principal difficulty of a picture. She is right in letting it engross her attention. Ask her whether she has noticed in nature, how, when several persons are assembled in a parlor, the contour of each individual stands out on the background. Ask her whether she sees silhouettes caught, so to speak, with a brass wire, as in the pictures of certain painters. Let her follow alternately

the contour of each person. She will find that there are places where the line disappears and is completely lost in the shade ; but she will find it again, very clear, a little way above, very slightly marked a little below, varying thus all around the figure. Well, what is the place where the air circulates the most ? Behind those parts of the contour which are undecided.

The more diversifiedly we endeavor to bring it out on the background, the more atmosphere we put between the canvas and its figure.

Paul Veronese, who excels in this respect, often brings out his figures by the tone alone. There are tones, in fact, which recede, and tones which advance, by force of their own value ; so yellow, white, and red take the foreground before green, violet, and gray ; black, too, stands out by reason of its vigor. Generally, mixed colors yield to primitive ones ; so in the parlor, the women who do not wear free colors are eclipsed by the others ; they always find themselves in the background. The art of dress is the first step in the art of painting. By the way in which a woman wears colors, we can see whether she has the feeling of a colorist. Not everybody has it. For instance, pink and blue are the fashion ; all the women wear them ; well, those who put blue bows on a rose-colored dress have an ordinary look ; precisely on the other hand, those who wear roses on a blue dress have a distingué look. Why is that ?

Nature has given us this lesson in harmony. It is the roses that stand out against the sky. Whence the principle : a little pink on a great deal of blue. The observing eye, the

colorist, feels this without knowing why. He also knows that green harmonizes with all shades, because all flowers have green leaves. Finally, green and blue do not go together. Observe nature. She will give you few blue flowers, and their leaves are never of a free green.

She teaches us everything when we know how to observe her. A pretty toilette to-day would be a skirt of light lilac taffeta with a dark lilac *caraco*, white collar and sleeves, the whole relieved by a yellow ribbon or rose. This is the decoration of the iris. Thus arrayed, sit down upon an English green sofa, and if you are the least bit graceful, if the iris has the least bit perfumed your toilette, you will appear very pretty, especially to those who are fond of the iris.

What charming harmonies upon the birds and the flowers! Colorists delight to make studies of them; they find here their gamut.

This is what Mary will do when she commences water-colors. All that she sees about her, in the gardens, in the fields, on the trees, will be mirrored in her mind as in her eye. Those flying flowers, the butterflies, that she already loves so much, will become still dearer to her. There are caterpillars whose beauty she will envy; she will envy the very moss on which they creep, when, with a lens, she goes in quest of delight in the domain of those animals that we trample under foot. If God had given us eyes to see little things in all their details, we should no longer dare take a step in the country. How many beings on the earth share the fate of those field flowers that live and die without any

one's deigning to gather or to look at them! However, perhaps they are not the most unfortunate.

The eyes play a great part in our life. This is why I seek to perfect them, by exercising them, by teaching them to see, and to see well.

But let us return to color. You wish to know, dear friend, how, in painting, we place the pink tone between the half-tint and the light. We put it very close by the side of the blue which forms the half-tint. By exaggerating it, we should produce a rainbow: so it is necessary to be sparing of it, and to make use of it only in certain places, where we feel that something is wanting. However, when your daughters copy Rubens, he will teach them this secret; for of course they will copy Rubens.

The more I find it bad to copy oil-paintings in oils, the more I find it useful to copy them in water-colors. Here is my reason:

Oil-colors are forbidding. There are pictures that time has rendered absurd, incomprehensible, where green has taken the place of blue, yellow of white, black of red. Those are not the ones that your daughters will copy. But there are also some in which time has happily blended the tones, and which remain worthy of the masters who painted them. Still, a certain coating has collected on them, which veils the colors, and deceives the copyist by giving him a false gamut. His judgment then errs in the presence of nature, and he makes conventional color. As his painting becomes, in time, coated in the same way, before many years it will be as black as the pictures of a century, pictures painted with colors of

a good quality, very light, very blonde, and which, nevertheless, have not escaped the misfortune of blackening.

As water-colors, on the contrary, blanch, they can be made very vigorous. They will become clearer by the very nature of their colors, which are transparent on paper. Water-color studies from oil-paintings of old and modern masters are, then, an excellent practice.

But what is doubtless going to astonish you, I will not permit Mary to copy from water-colors. I prohibit her from doing so, because I have noticed that pupils are always disposed to imitate the stroke of the brush and to appropriate it to themselves. Now, if I have any one antipathy, it is for this sort of imitation, which kills all originality: hence my pupils have a character which is peculiar to them; they have not the *way of doing things* of any painter.

Those who paint in oils make a wise beginning by making copies from water-colors. The manner of painting being different, they do not run the risk of borrowing the touch of another; their touch must belong to them, provided they are to have one; this we shall see hereafter.

Commence with water-colors, all ye who wish to succeed in painting. They are not easier to handle, but they are taught and learned more readily. They are quick in giving qualities which we are long in finding in the studios of painters; first, precision, for it is impossible to go over the flesh-tints without spoiling them. They even force you to color, because the preparations which precede them on the paper render them more positive, and imprint them with greater truthfulness. So, nothing is more profitable for painters than

making the sketches of their pictures in water-colors. In proportion as we advance in our lessons, we shall recognize the truth and the advantages of this principle.

Before proceeding to the manner of painting stuffs, one word more about the tones that match. Let us take up the flowers again and put together some toilettes. What a beautiful adjustment you can make with the pansy! A mantle of violet velvet, a dress of light violet satin, a hat of yellow satin and black velvet, with white sleeves and collar—what a beautiful, sober costume. As the pansy has no perfume, we will not use any.

But you will not forget the perfume of the rose, when you wish to decorate yourself, after its image, in a dress of dark green taffeta, a *caraco* of delicate green, a straw hat ornamented with rose-colored ribbons, white sleeves and stomacher.

Have you observed how a straw hat always gives the finishing touch to the toilette? The reason of it is simple enough: nearly all flowers have a little yellow; hence, yellow, like green, produces a good effect with all the other colors. Are you not, like me, indignant at the audacity of horticulturists who have produced the double daisy? A fine improvement! The daisy! The most smiling of flowers! They are going to make a National Guard top-knot of it, by taking from it the pretty yellow ring, around which its petals grouped themselves! Those petals that we pluck out one by one, in our youth, to know whether we are still loved by the absent one. Nowadays, three hours would be needed to pluck the leaves of a daisy—three hours to know whether

we are still loved! As well take the railroad, to go and assure ourselves positively.

Thus, from improvement to improvement, poetry is forsaking this world. Since I have spoken of railroads, is there anything less poetical than those long, partitioned boxes, rolling without horses, so regularly, with such a monotonous noise, that, on our arrival, we examine ourselves, we involuntarily feel ourselves, to see whether we are not woven or knit, whether we have not become broadcloth or stockings, such a sensation have we had of passing from the condition of a man to that of a thing.

But this letter is growing too long. I take leave of you, my dear Julia, as well as of those flowers, those butterflies, those birds, by means of which I have given your daughters the secret of combining pretty toilettes. Their cleverness, or, rather their coquetry, will enable them to make, every season, new discoveries. They are going to take a little course of botany and natural history. The aim will be a little frivolous, it is true; but why should we not seek to amuse ourselves at work? Has not the Creator placed pleasure by the side of the most serious things? Would the family exist without love? Starting from this principle, which I always derive from the Great Source, we will learn water-colors, like drawing, with the least possible ennui.

M. E. C.

EIGHTH LETTER.

LESSON—THE HAIR.

BEFORE directing our attention to drapery, let us take up the hair.

The rules that I lay down for you, my dear Julia, are not written anywhere. They are not taught in studios. I am indebted for my knowledge of them to my observations in nature, and to my studies in the practice of my art. The pupils will understand them well, only by applying them themselves; for it is impossible, by explanation, to attain perfect precision, to fix the proportions of the colors in an exact manner, in view of such diverse variations in the shades of objects. The experience of the pupils, then, and their essays, must come to the assistance of the professor's lessons.

Blonde hair is modeled with a very light tone of ivory-black and indigo. Sometimes the ivory-black will suffice, sometimes the indigo. You pass over it a general tone of Naples yellow or yellow ochre.

When the general tone, which is the tone of the light, is made by yellow ochre, the shadows are produced by lake and Naples yellow; and when it is made by Naples yellow, we must, in order to draw the colors, employ yellow ochre and Italian earth.

For chestnut hair, Naples yellow, lake, and even cobalt

blue, are introduced into the general tone, and, in the shadows, Italian earth mixed with these first tones.

Very black hair, the lights of which are blue, is made with warm tints, such as sienna, lake, bitumen. The general tone is made with indigo, and the shadows touched up with Italian earth and lake.

A general rule: warm-tinted hair is made with cold tints, and cold hair with warm tints. This rule is applicable to all preparations; it would, of itself, suffice to guide the pupils whom nature has made colorists.

There is such a diversity in the shades of hair, that great cleverness is needed in varying the value of the tones indicated for preparations. By the value of a tone, we mean its relative force. With regard to the tone of the light, we must make it such as we see it.

Now it is, my dear Julia, that you are about to recognize how essential precision is in drawing the light. A head is not round, you already know, unless the light is perfectly true. When the recollections of observation do not come to the assistance of the pupil's intelligence, hair will be an impossibility; for it is of prime necessity that it should be correctly attacked, right off, without hesitation. As I have said, this is the grand difficulty in water-colors; we can not correct the drawing without injuring the color.

However, practice with the charcoal teaches us so well how to catch the form of the lights and shades, that, for Mary and Eliza, the difficulty will no longer be anything but play.

You will observe that the tones that I have just indi-

cated, except the bitumen and ivory-black, are the same as those that we have employed for the flesh-tints. And even the bitumen is sometimes necessary for the visual point, and ivory-black is mixed with the indigo to produce very fair flesh-tints, like those of children in our northern countries. Often, then, the hair and the flesh-tints can be prepared together; and even the shadows of the hair are the same as those of the flesh, in the beautiful transparent creatures that Rubens delighted to portray.

In passing from hair to stuffs, we find, as a rule of drawing, the same principle: the form of the light indicates the quality. The finer the hair, the more brilliant it is; consequently, the closer the light becomes. In satin, the light is also very close, as your daughters know. Thus, it has naturally become a form of speech to speak of the hairs of satin. The form of the light indicates the quality of the cloth, I have said. In fact, it is not by color that satin or wool is made; it is by the drawing. Have you not seen your daughters make satin dresses with charcoal, just as the engravers make them with the graver?

I repeat it: to your daughters, who will not touch colors, except with a perfect knowledge of drawing, water-colors will offer little difficulty. They will make studies that will astonish the first artists; for, between us, if my principles are well understood and well applied, however poor a water-color may be, no one will ever believe that it is the work of a pupil. Your daughters, perhaps, will not be colorists, perhaps they will not attain to the poetry of color, like the masters; but they will still have learned much; they will

appreciate the master-pieces of art. The elegance, the stylishness of their toilette and their house, will be remarked ; for, as soon as a matter of taste comes in question, the last of painters is still the first of men.

Do not let Eliza, your sculptor, think that she can dispense with water-colors. The sculptors who know how to paint, know how to color their statuary. Look at Michael Angelo. To separate, in education, color from drawing, would be a mistake. More remains of what we learn than we suppose: the seed, that we think is lost in the ground, will rise up sooner or later. The lessons taken in youth have roots like that boarding-school friendship which will end only with ourselves.

M. É. C.

NINTH LETTER.

REMARKS—BRUNETTES AND BLONDES—TALL MEN AND SHORT MEN—OPPOSITES.

You reproach me, my dear Julia, with having forgotten red hair. The omission is almost ingratitude; for nothing seems prettier to me than hair of a reddish brown, with black eyes and lashes. But how does it happen that this is a disputed beauty? Why is this color admired in dress, in flowers, in the sky, yet condemned when it lends its lustre to the hair? Is it not also the work of God? There is a prejudice here that I cannot explain. Must we believe that it was at first considered as a great privilege, but that later the blondes and the brunettes, men and women, who are in a majority, have become jealous of it and thrown it into discredit?

Painters have no share in this injustice; nearly all their women are blonde or red-haired, their children blonde or red-haired. These tones, in fact, harmonize better with delicate flesh-tints: the ensemble produced is more pleasing to the eye.

Nevertheless, we are mistaken if we imagine that in adopting this color we paint weak creatures. We paint charming creatures, that is all. In general, blondes have more will than brunettes; what they wish they wish better, but they wish it with a gentle will which does not startle men, which is not even suspected by them. The husband

of a blonde is confident of being master, and often he is not ; whereas the husband of a brunette, who is always afraid of not being master, almost always is. Do we not say, on seeing a brunette with black eyes : " There goes a witch that must lead her husband by the nose !" People will always be the dupes of appearances.

It is the same with men, those who, by virtue of their character and their physique, really deserve that name. First-class men never annoy their wives on the subject of their authority ; on the contrary, they are well content to let themselves be led by their wives, provided it is done gently, and that they do not feel their chains. It is so natural to obey the feeble creature that we protect, to elevate the loved one by this daily condescension, making her happy by flattering her pride. Insignificant men, on the contrary, wish to be masters ; they need some sort of superiority, and are vain of the name of domestic tyrants. On the other hand, are not large men nearly always very gentle with their wives ? They are conscious of their strength, and have no need of speaking in a gruff voice, or of frowning, to put on the airs of authority. Not so with small men, who like to make up for their physical defects by that arrogance and unaccommodating disposition which I call conjugal despotism, and which turns the household into a veritable civil war. As an intelligent mother of two daughters, created in your image, you will be careful, I am sure, not to marry them to blockheads or abortions. It is innate in these monsters to be always seeking an opportunity of revenging themselves for their inferiority.

Still, weakness is painted fair, and strength dark-complexioned. In the pictures of the legend, Blue Beard is of a colossal size; of Cleopatra, who was *mignon*, I have seen a portrait that was five feet six inches tall. Future painters will not fail to make a giant of Napoleon. Even now, see what Gérard has done with him in painting the crossing of the Alps—a cavalier vigorously managing a fiery steed, instead of a little man pensively sitting upon a mule. And it must be so. It is not the mission of art to rectify popular mistakes. It accepts prejudices, and is governed by appearances, which are themselves often prejudices. In a word, it has only to do with visible things, and speaks only to the eye, without running foul of received opinions. Thus painting and sculpture, fair deceivers, give to great men, to heroes, the appearance of strength and grandeur, although nature, taking delight in the opposition of contraries, has made them insignificant and small.

But this law of opposites in the material world is also our law, for we shall fare badly if we do not follow nature. Color especially lives by opposites. And to speak of red hair, which brought on this long digression, do you know what we employ to model it? Indigo. Now the most opposite color to red is blue. Harmony of tone lies in contrasts. You recall our studies in flowers? In those called forget-me-nots, which have a beautiful blue, we found orange-colored stamens, and admired the happy effect produced by this union.

How could we, in a picture, place several figures alongside of one another, unless we observed the same harmonies?

This is the fixed rule of Paul Veronese and Correggio, When you come to Paris, you will take your daughters to the pictures of these masters. The "Marriage in Cana" and "Antiope," master-pieces of coloring, will seem to them to have borrowed from the flowers the happy selection of their tones, so effectively and at the same time so harmoniously are they colored. In "Antiope" they will see, as I told you in my second letter, how the light shades off little by little, starting from the brightest point, which we call the sun. In the "Marriage in Cana," the same effect; only, the composition being immense, the light is more widely spread, and adjusts itself admirably in rebounding upon other less luminous points.

How many amateurs have passed before these pictures without understanding the genius that animated them. How many artists even have appreciated their eminent qualities only after years of study. Because nowadays there is really no education for the artist. Each painter will tell you that he has invented painting, that nobody has taught him anything. This is only too true. But the fault is with the pupils, or rather with the century. Since kings are no longer respected, masters are not. Pride has gone to our head. Formerly masters loved to initiate their young apprentices into all their secrets; they made them their assistants; between them there was the friendship of father and child; the pupil worked on the picture of his professor, but did not for all that think himself professor. To-day, if a pupil touches his master's picture, he goes away and tells everybody that he made the picture. Consequently the bond that united them

is soon broken. The young blunderer is left to his own wings, and, like the bird that has left its mother's nest too soon, he falls down and down to the saddest end.

That is why modern art is below ancient art.

And what is society becoming? Legal equality is an admirable principle; in wishing to extend it to everything, we make an absurdity of it. Nature has not made men equal. She has created the strong to protect the weak, the weak to love the strong. The modern system of equality makes none but envious persons; no more respect, consequently no more affection, for there is no kind of love without respect.

One hope is still left us. The human reason, which has its moments of aberration, cannot fail to return to the right road. A minister no longer writes to his employé: "Citizen, I discharge thee from thy functions, greeting and fraternity." Which was the same as saying: "I condemn thee to die of hunger. Thy brother."

Perhaps it is in our power, dear Julia, to come to the help of diseased society. Let us take possession of the arts, rejected nowadays for politics or adventurous undertakings. Without making your daughters blue-stockings, let us teach them to create little *chefs-d'œuvre* that will recall men to the desire to create grand ones. The love of the arts, the sweet pleasures that they procure, will restore them to the society of women, from which they are becoming more and more estranged, and it will not be said that the French women have suffered Frenchmen to become Englishmen.

M. É. C.

TENTH LETTER.

LESSON—BLACK AND WHITE STUFFS.

You know, my dear Julia, that we always say: "I am going to wear colors," when we leave off a white or a black dress. In fact, black and white are the absence of all color. Nevertheless, in order to make myself understood, I shall be obliged to say: black color, white color, although that is an absurdity.

The shadows of black and of white are highly colored.

But the rule as to the harmony of opposites is going to reveal itself to you in all its conclusiveness.

White stuffs are prepared with a gray tone of ivory-black. The opposite of white is certainly black. Do we not say: changing from white to black, meaning an utter change?

Your daughters, who are teachable, who know that each one of my lessons has its practical utility, and that it would be impossible, after having neglected one of them, to comprehend the next one—your daughters almost know how to execute white stuffs, since, according to my directions, they have washed their draperies according to their old engravings.

Spread the gray half-tint of ivory-black everywhere, scrupulously preserving the light: that is the method for washing the whites.

Brilliant stuffs, such as satin, have bold shadows; the

ninth lesson in *Drawing* has told us that "Now, bold shadows are obtained with a little bitumen, adding a little Naples yellow in the reflected shadows. Sometimes burnt sienna replaces the bitumen."

The whites are made such as we see them. They are prepared, as I have said, with ivory-black, which gives a gray tone. The preparation for shadows is the opposite tone to that of light. Always our rule of opposites, observed by all colorists.

When the white is gilded, as in woolen stuffs, take a general tone of yellow ochre, or Naples yellow. Then the preparation should be mixed with ivory-black or indigo.

From the whites let us pass to the blacks; they are the two master-tones. I will tell you, further on, why they are thus called.

Black stuffs are made with very warm tones, such as bitumen, lake, burnt sienna. When the drapery is well modelled, well drawn with one of these tones, the tone of the light must be sought. The colder the light, the warmer should be the preparation.

The tone of the light should be laid over the entire drapery. This is why we call it the general tone.

When well dry, which is essential, go over the bolder shadows with the same tone. Do not forget that you must get your black tone without black. Black is only used in the light. Note well this remark, which is an important one.

In satin stuffs, the lights are white. It is the half-tint that gives the tone. This is a general rule that I shall not repeat.

Thus, after having attacked the shadows, a general tone

is passed over the whole, the small lights being carefully spared. This general tone becomes the half-tint, and yet it is always the tone of the stuff: it is pink, if the satin is pink; black, if the satin is black.

For black velvet the preparation is made with the same warm colors; but, instead of using lightly ivory-black, in order to lay on the general tone, a darkish peach-black must be used. The very bold parts must always be gone over with the warm tones. The lights of velvet are exceptional: they are picked out by drawing with a little water on the end of the brush, and then rubbing with a bit of linen. Peach-black adheres to the paper very slightly, and disappears immediately, leaving a light such as velvet calls for. We get it more or less brilliant, according as we erase. For instance, by wetting a second time and letting it dry a little, rubbing with some force, we obtain a pure white.

Practice it is that gives knowledge. So, my dear Julia, I advise you to make your daughters take a piece of each kind of stuff, in order to try for themselves each process. I cannot go into a mass of petty details. Whatever I may do to make myself clear, I feel that these dry lessons need to be put in practice in order to be understood. I can only set my pupils on the right road; their own sense will guide them.

Thus, how can I explain reflection? It varies, first according to the stuff, then according to the object that reflects. I cannot then indicate its color; I must confine myself to saying that it is sometimes picked out by proceeding as though for velvet, at others by passing a bright tone over a bold tone, as in oil-painting.

White, Naples yellow, vermillion, cobalt blue, red brown, yellow ochre, etc., are the colors used for *gouaching*,* by mixing them with others, we obtain the desired tones of reflection. Another general rule, to which I shall not need to revert.

I have told you, my dear friend, that white and black were master-tones. With them alone, one can make a picture. Great painters have proved it: Van Dyck, among others, has made *chefs-d'œuvre* with figures dressed wholly in white or in black. Two such powerful colors are they, that we can say that women who wear other colors sacrifice themselves to those dressed in black or in white. This is certainly not their intention; that you know as well as I do; but one grows weary of her white dress or her black dress, and yields to an imperative need of change. Woman is constituted so: she forsakes a dress that becomes her for one that does not; but she looks different. Rarely does she dress two successive days in the same manner: she must change something, were it but a ribbon. Hence, the great variety in our fashions; whereas, the costume of those gentlemen differs each year, at the utmost, by the change of a short-waisted vest to a long-waisted, a high-crowned hat to a low-crowned. And they will not alter it a particle when they have us on their arms, dressed *à la Grecque*, which is soon to take place. Yes, dear friends, it appears that we are going to return to natural beauty, the beauty of sweeping lines, and to give our husbands the pleasure of adorning their goddesses in their true costume. On the strength of which I embrace you.

M. É. C.

* To put in a body color.

ELEVENTH LETTER.

REMARKS — DRAWING IN COLOR — COLOR IN SCULPTURE.

I AM glad, my dear Julia, your experience comes to the assistance of mine in the task that I have undertaken. Our studies in water-colors will make you comprehend more and more how important it is to be able to draw perfectly before taking up a brush. I see it, for you are alarmed at all the knowledge you must have in order not to spoil the form in putting on the color, and you are very right.

Color is of itself very delicate; it must be handled with freedom. If the color does not indicate the form with accuracy, we run the risk of losing the color by correcting the form; for, as there are projections and depressions, which are the whole of drawing, so also there are tones which advance, and tones which recede, and which are the whole of color.

The color then can destroy the drawing, and the drawing the color.

The great difficulty in making them keep pace has given rise to two schools; the school of drawers, and the school of colorists. The one sacrifices to the god of drawing, the other to the god of color. This would not be so, if both could draw perfectly from memory. But, as I have said, the means hitherto employed for teaching drawing demand too much time. Besides, this art has not, like the art of speaking and writing one's native language, been made one of the elements

of education. Unquestionably, one is not a painter because he knows how to draw, any more than one is a poet because he knows how to write. All have the gift of being able to hold a pen, a pencil; but only a few have the gift of imagination, of genius. If poetical ideas develop themselves in a man, if he feels himself to be a poet, he has no need to study grammar, he knows how to write in his language, he can take his flight; nothing arrests his genius. On the contrary, when a man feels himself to be a painter, he must commence by studying the grammar of his art, for he does not know how to draw. Well, one of two things happens: either his genius prevents him from studying profitably, or his studies chill his genius. For there are two well defined ages in man; one where he takes, one where he gives. During the period of his growth, he feeds on the ideas of others; then he learns. But his growth once arrested, he wishes to produce; then he no longer learns. This is the order of nature; it must be obeyed.

Whence I draw the conclusion that drawing should be earnestly learned in youth, and that it should become a popular art, like the art of writing.

The Government should think of this.

Whence comes the decline of the arts? From this, that for a long time past, each generation has been thrown upon a single track, that of literature. There is another, that of the arts, which may be thrown open to many minds; it is not even pointed out to the youth, whereas their access to it should be facilitated. The arts do not lead nations to disorder. They render them happy and celebrated.

As a painter, I have great difficulty in explaining to myself this exclusive preference for the art of writing, when I consider that of the entire heritage of the primitive races, we have left to us only objects of art, monuments, which we hunt up, which we preserve at great expense. It is by means of them that we distinguish civilized nations in antiquity, and succeed in retracing their history. And of all those persons who study and admire them, whether abroad or in our museums, not one comes and says to the ministers of public instruction: "Cause the art of drawing to be taught in all your colleges, not according to the caprice of the pupils, not as an art of amusement, but seriously, as a useful art." Art speaks when history is silent. The history of the tower of Babel is to be repeated at intervals appointed of God. After each confusion of tongues, what can there remain of the past? Buildings, objects of art, which alone speak to the eye, which re-link the chain of time, and continue on humanity by tradition.

Eliza, our sculptor pupil, must not, on perusing these lines, yield to the desire to model. The time for that has not yet come. We must firmly insist on her learning water-colors. Let her know that, later, a few lessons will suffice for teaching her modelling. I have known a painter who, without ever having handled wax or clay, made, on his first attempt, the statue of one of his friends, a sculptor. It was the sculptor who served as a model and disposed the action; so that he saw both his master-piece and his reputation created at the same time. That sculptor had modelled before drawing. Whoever imitates him will be like the painter who

draws before coloring; he will never learn to draw; and a sculptor without drawing is only a practitioner. He must measure his lengths and breadths by the dividers: always a captive in his narrow genius.

However matter-of-fact the clay model may be, it has its poetry. Even here we must know, and know well, in order to create, to compose. What genius could endure the pre-occupation of looking up the steps, of studying the material part of art? Can you imagine to yourself Michael Angelo and Benvenuto employed in measuring off with the compasses the length of a leg or the breadth between the eyes? Phidias, who has made all his heads very small, Jean Goujon, who has made all his legs very long, they thought indeed of taking measurements! They were in quest of elegance, and they found it.

In sculpture, it must be remarked that marble and plaster make the objects appear larger; bronze, on the contrary, smaller. Material color being wanting to the sculptor, how can he supply the deficiency? He has only one way: color without color, or luminous color, just as you choose to call it. Thus he colors a statue, a group, a bas-relief, by the skilful, original manner with which he makes it receive its light and project its shadows. Luminous masses, broad shadows, black holes, arranged with the knowledge of the colorist, and kept in balance with the eye of the draughtsman, give to a work that taking appearance which attracts admiration and wins approbation.

Eliza will have this skill in modelling in clay, when she has acquired it by drawing with the pencil, by coloring in

water-colors. She will not fall into that sculpture without art which gives no pleasure to him who sees it, earns no honor for him who makes it, which is as tedious as plaster-casting and less exact. In sculpture, as in painting, I repeat, it is the eye that speaks to the eye, feeling to feeling, not science speaking to science. We live in entire ignorance of our muscles, and yet there are artists who devote themselves to showing that they know them all. I call that the sculpture, the painting of a doctor. There are critics also, it is true, who give especial attention to these amiable qualities, and who rejoice at being able to say, in front of a picture: "There's a man that can't live; his mastoid apophysis can't exercise its functions." This rage for stripping off the flesh to see whether the skeleton is really there, is as absurd in an artist as it would be in a lover who treated his betrothed after this fashion. Beautiful paintings, beautiful statuary, are not, any more than beautiful girls, made to be dissected. Let us know how to please, that is our law and our aim. The whole of art is there.

M. E. C.

TWELFTH LETTER.

LESSON—COLORED STUFFS.

THE harmony of flowers has taught me the principle of the harmony of opposites.

As I have already said, I make use of blue in preparing red. It is with indigo that I model the drapery, if I wish to make a scarlet woolen stuff. I then put on a general tone of lake, over which I brush some vermillion. The vermillion is brushed on by taking it very dry with the end of the brush, in such a way as not to put it all over the paper. There is no other way of imitating well the grain of the wool.

I go over the vigorous places with burnt sienna, and sometimes with bitumen.

For silk stuffs I do not use the lake tone, but I immediately apply, all over, a general scarlet tone, unless the lights are white, as in satin. Now I have told you, above, how they are reserved.

Sometimes the lights are of a gilded white. They are then gilded, by a general tone, before putting on that of the stuff.

Blue stuffs, on the contrary, are modelled with red tones, burnt sienna, or lake.

Pale rose, with very bright gray-blue.

Pale blue, with bright red tones.

I have already remarked to you that nearly all the flowers have green leaves and a little yellow, and that yellow and green harmonize with all the other colors. It follows that

the shadows of green and yellow may be modelled with all the other tones, and that we may obtain an astonishing variety of results, for all the greens and all the yellows are not prepared in the same way.

Let us pass to the neutral tints, which are always derived from the primitive ones.

Gray, which is derived from blue, is prepared with sienna. Hence gray and rose go well together.

Coffee-color, crude color, (*écrue*), which are derived from the reds, are prepared with the blues.

In every case, if the light is of a warm tone, the shadow has a cold tone ; if the light has a cold tone, the shadow has a warm tone. This principle applies to everything that has a color, to woods, metals, plants, etc.

Your daughters will not bore themselves by making studies of all the colors with pieces of stuffs. On the contrary, thanks to the facility which water-colors give in passing the tone of the light over the tone of the shade, they will discover tones of such fine quality and such great truth that they will be astonished. Water-colors make the colorist, I have said. Why should not your daughters become such, after experiments, oftentimes so fortunate, made in studying them ?

They will also have to look for the tone of the light with great care. Let them make their experiments on the guard-paper. Sometimes several tones must be mixed to make a single one.

I shall not tell you that violet is made with blue and pink, and green with blue and yellow. Children, in coloring engravings, learn for themselves all those mixtures of primitive

tones that give the composite tones. In a word, they know how to find the tone of the light. What I have been teaching you is the science of shadows, and the harmony of the lights among themselves. Well, the harmony of the lights is derived from the harmony of the shadows; you see this at every step.

You will doubtless ask me how I will make violet, which is composed of a warm tone and a cold tone. I am guided by the result: as it is cold, my preparation is a warm tone. The same with green, and many other colors.

For striped or flowered stuffs the drapery should first receive the color of the ground; the stripes or flowers are laid on afterwards. The stripes well drawn, well defined, turn the folds: so they must not be painted in haste and without observing the foreshortening.

When we know how to paint stuffs with the preparation that I have indicated, we know, my dear Julia, how to prepare everything that has a color; we can overcome a very great difficulty in the execution of the shadows when several objects of the same color are side by side. For instance, let us take the yellows: a yellow inlaid floor, a wicker chair, a yellow dress, a gilt frame. All these objects, put side by side, differ in their light and their shade. Well, in modelling them, we lay on our tone lighter or darker, according to the value of the colors. The general tone of the light which goes over the whole, not being of the same yellow, varies very naturally the tone of the shade. Hence it results that each shadow belongs perfectly to its own light. In oil-paintings it is very difficult to hit upon these different tones.

Nothing is more essential, my dear Julia, than to make studies of all these objects, one after the other, and to try thus several blue tones, and several red tones.

But remember that yellow and green give greater variety in the preparation of the shadows; because they harmonize with all the colors. Nature puts them almost everywhere. The flowers are there to prove it, and you will pardon my reverting to it.

It is the flowers, too, that will give you a color that blends with another, and at the same time is used in preparing it. For instance, the deep violet and the light violet of the pansy are prepared with burnt sienna; we find precisely this tone of burnt sienna in the middle of the flower. The combinations of the flowers should be engraved upon the memory, as drawing is. We should make studies, essays, in all the colors and all the shades, so as to repeat them afterwards from memory. It is a real pleasure, in modelling the flesh-tints, to study all the scales of blue and gray, and then all the scales of light that come over them, as well as the tones of shadow and reflection.

I hope, my dear Julia, that, without hurrying yourself, you will give yourself up to all these exercises. Your imagination need not wait for color in order to compose. Make, in the meanwhile, pictures in charcoal, or else wash them with ivory-black, and then, afterwards, you will reproduce them in water-colors. Give yourself up exclusively to color without color, until you are perfectly mistress of your color and your brush. Your first water-color will be a master-stroke, I assure you of it, as I do of my friendship.

M. É. C.

THIRTEENTH LETTER.

REMARKS—THE TOUCH—MOVEMENT AND FORM.

You pity me, my dear Julia, thinking of the patience it must have cost me to write the preceding letters, and you fear that I may not have the courage to bring my enterprise to its close. You doubtless say to yourself, "When I have to put a figure in shadow, one kind of lessons; other lessons for the hair, others still for the drapery, etc." Cheer up. Water-colors work miracles. They know how to transfer an entire figure into shadow, in the twinkling of an eye, in a way that astonishes even those who learn it; a great advantage that they have over oils. So, when we know how to paint in water-colors, we can paint in oils; whereas, when we know how to paint in oils, we cannot paint in water-colors.

As for the profession in one or the other kind of painting, I do not think it anything great. Not to have any profession, is itself something original. Without the profession, we acquire a naïve touch that is peculiar to ourselves and that is not spoiled by a certain amount of awkwardness, when accompanied by feeling. I compare it to the awkwardness of children, that is so charming. I do not condemn clever manipulations, but I wish it to come from the skill that is peculiar to yourself. In a word, I wish your painting to be

yourself. You paint skilfully, just as you eat skilfully. Rubens could not do anything awkwardly.

If I insist upon my pupils painting their water-colors from oil-paintings, and oil-paintings from water-colors, that is to prevent their copying the touch, be it skilful or not, of this or that master, which is often only special dexterity and sagacity. Besides, it is an agreeable condition; and if it does not afford any glory, it is lucrative.

But if you wish to succeed in composing, in creating for yourself, knowledge must be acquired. Touch, technical skill, style, are not knowledge. Rubens had knowledge. You who have had, like myself, the good fortune to see all his *chefs-d'œuvre* at Antwerp, do you think that he did not have it at the end of his brush when executing those sublime compositions that seem to be the work of a day, so complete and pervading is the harmony, so aptly has the action been caught in the act?

Gros, his admirer, said one day to one of his pupils: "You have copied the model, but you have not copied nature." That pupil, we may be sure, had not the knowledge of form, without which we cannot express the movement and action that are given by nature, and which the model never gives.

Nature is man at liberty, moving without effort or mannerism. The model is only a living manikin which you set in motion and which always has, consequently, something false and borrowed.

Every man is constructed for the movement that he can take, or rather every man moves according to his physical

organization. What one can do, another cannot; what is graceful in one is ungraceful in another. Here is a woman with a long neck, short waist, and long legs; certainly she has not the same movements as one with a short neck, long waist, and short legs. It follows that one is supple, the other stiff. Here, a distingué look, elegance, style; there, an ordinary look, a vulgar nature. All these qualities, all these defects are due to the form. This is so true that certain fine ladies look like servants, and servants like fine ladies.

Movement follows form, even in children. Those who have the same *tournure* as their parents, have the same manners. I mean children who have been orphans from their birth, and who, at fifteen or at thirty, have the same gestures that their parents had at those ages.

Now you will understand perfectly the words of Gros: "You have copied the model, but you have not copied nature."

Nature is everybody; the model is but one; it is not even one, for it obeys a will from without, it is not itself. Nature is the composition which starts from the memory of the artist, and which his genius animates by adapting the movement to the form. Nature it is that our old masters possessed so well. People have said that they had finer models than we: it may be so; but it is silly to think that it is because they had fine models that they were great painters. They were great painters because they had the knowledge of nature. That is the source of the style that we admire in their works.

Although Rubens has, in a remarkable manner, adapted

movement to form, nevertheless there are great artists who say, in good faith, that Rubens is no painter by style. This comes from their having derived their idea of style from certain master-pieces, instead of studying it in nature.

It is there alone that we find it. Phidias has taken it from Greek nature; Raphael, Titian, Michael Angelo, from Roman nature; Paul Veronese, from Venitian nature; Poussin, Lesueur, Jean Goujon, from French nature; and, I make bold to say it, Rubens from Flemish nature. Is there anything truer, more poetic, holier in its grief, than the Virgin standing at the foot of the Cross, in the picture of the Crucifixion, by this master? Every mother weeps before this maternal sorrow; just as she naturally and involuntarily stretches out her arms to those beautiful infant Christs, palpitating so with life and fresh beauty. It is poetry, people say, not style. If it is not style, how could it be poetry?

Let us leave these discussions to the men, who think themselves obliged to judge according to tradition, under penalty of passing for ignoramuses. We women, who have a right to be ignorant, let us judge by our own feeling, and let us proclaim the good wherever we find it. When God has not willed that all beautiful natures should be alike, why should people wish for similarity among all beautiful pictures? Why reduce to one solitary one all the works of creation, so numerous, so diversified? Why should not each poet represent all of beauty that there is in every country with the poetry that is his own? And then, what an aberration of mind, when judging of works and classifying painters, to presume to give so much pre-eminence to form over

color! Form, good ; but after that ? Do you think that art stops there ? Interrogate the poets, then. When they have bestowed upon their heroines regular and pleasing features, a lissome and elegant form, they hasten to give them life, by borrowing from the rich palette of nature those colors which you despise. Behold them, animate with their rosy lips, their ivory neck, their azure eyes, their golden or their raven hair, their rose and lily complexion, and then say that form is everything.

The utmost that I can conceive is the discussion of the question, whether the drawing aids the color more, or the color the drawing ; but I detest this senseless war of words against facts. Let us enter boldly into the application of drawing and of color. We are creating a school of women. The Greeks and the Romans have left no traditions to which we are obliged to submit, and the doctors who lay down rules with such comic pedantry have no authority over us. We can look at the masters of art with our own eyes, comprehend them with our own intelligence, feel them with our own soul, and then, enlightened and inspired by them, go on in the way opened before us. We shall not do any better than our rivals, perhaps, but we shall do something different, especially if we remain women. We are nearer to nature than they are : that is one advantage already.

Let us constantly seek of her our inspirations, as the first masters have done. Let us take our harmonies from among the flowers, the butterflies, the birds ; let us select our effects of light from among those which God has profusely scattered over the earth, and let us say, at every step :

"Every human creation has its source in a creation of God's." Would you believe it, that all the Grecian, Gothic, and Moorish designs, are to be found in snow-crystals under the magnifying-glass? We shall find there wonders for stuffs, vases, clocks, etc. Besides, in arranging pretty toilettes, we shall succeed in finding harmonious compositions for our pictures.

Our habit of wearing colors will render us more skilful in happily blending them. The old masters are perhaps indebted, in a measure, for their talent as colorists, to the colors they were in the habit of wearing. Now-a-days the men only change color in their opinions. I doubt very much whether that will make them colorists. M. E. C.

FOURTEENTH LETTER.

LESSON — PROJECTED SHADOWS — DISTANT HUES — SKIES —
ANIMALS.

IN order to proceed regularly, my dear Julia, I am going to speak to you about projected shadows and distant hues. We must commence by studying a figure in its light, with its background and its projected shadow, before passing to figures in shadow.

Projected shadows should be in harmony with the object on which they fall. On a yellow inlaid floor they are prepared with yellow; on the grass, like green; and so on. You know how important it is that the shadow should belong to the ground, and not to the figure. Otherwise, the figure would be glued to the ground. Get your daughters to notice, when a person is walking, that the color of his shadow varies with that of the ground on which he walks.

Sometimes the projected shadow is reflected by the object which gives the light. Then the reflection must be sought for and applied accurately, either by picking out, or by passing a bright tone over a bold one.

When the background of a picture is so far off that we no longer distinguish the color, for instance, when an open door resembles the opening of a cellar, this dark tone is made with cobalt blue and red brown or with indigo and vermillion. These same tones are used for the dark back-

grounds of the landscape, because they are vigorous without being black, and are consequently airy, and stand back from the foreground.

But remind your daughters that in painting, as in drawing, they must hold a piece of black velvet between themselves and the nature that they seek to represent. They will be more and more convinced that everything is blonde, even the boldest tree-trunks that rise against the sky. Even a black hat, as soon as it is in the shade, is bold; but it is no longer black. Black is only employed in the light of black. Our pupils will observe this in the pictures of great colorists.

You know that the very distant mountains and trees in the landscape are sometimes very blue; they are painted with cobalt blue or ultramarine. If they are greenish blue, we add a little Naples yellow; if they are greenish yellow, a little yellow ochre or Italian earth. For the distant tones, cobalt green may also be mixed with red brown, with good success. Transparent colors do not suit the background of a landscape. When the foliage of a tree in the foreground stands out boldly against the sky, the contour is never crude green, even in the light. So cobalt blue, yellow ochre, Naples yellow, and Italian earth are preferable to brilliant yellows and greens, which must be reserved for the foreground of the tree.

With regard to those bold blue tones which we observe in forests or on the horizon of the sea, they are prepared with cobalt blue or indigo, adding, if necessary, red brown or vermillion. Cobalt blue and red brown are necessary for ships and their rigging, that seem to us, at times, so black.

Indigo yields a green that gives greater distance than mineral blue, when it is used with opaque yellows.

Impress upon your daughters that the tones I have indicated for the background should adhere but slightly to the paper; this is indispensable. The reason is: if you have a mountain in the background, it is modelled, that is to say, it has lights and shadows. Now, in backgrounds, the lights have more distance by erasing than by preserving them.

The same is true for all the more distant tones.

Make, then, on your guard-paper, a study of the colors that are readily erased. Skill, acquired experience, will bring out a light such as you wish. It will then be of service to repeat this exercise with united tones, by using the means I have already explained for draperies.

One more thing worth knowing: to know how to take a tone half out. To do this, stretch a corner of your handkerchief over your finger, moisten it slightly with the tongue, and tap it against the paper.

When our pupils have made a detailed study of all these processes, they will put them in practice in copying the picture of some colorist.

I found them while copying in water-colors, in the Amsterdam museum, Rembrandt's picture, called the Night Watch, a composition twenty feet large, which I reduced, of course.

Rembrandt makes the *chiaro-oscuro* intelligible; Rubens, the harmony of colors. A trip in Belgium and Holland is a grand lesson in coloring, especially as one can copy there these two masters.

We must, then, my dear Julia, seek to find the means of copying in water-colors one or two grand pictures by master colorists. But we will speak of that hereafter, when the time for it has come.

At present let us pass over to skies: a weighty matter. The most skilful water-colorists do them only in fear and trembling. We must, with the same stroke of the brush, hit both the form and the color. A sky retouched is a sky spoiled. The white of the paper being reserved for the clouds, the main point is to hit accurately the design of the contour while making the ground of the sky, and the ground should be free from spots. You see that the entire difficulty lies in the execution.

Mary and Eliza will know how to draw skies from memory when they begin to wash: you feel this in all its importance; but you will notice what I have noticed in my pupils, that they must, in washing the skies, acquire the habit of drawing in an inverse sense. Thus, in their charcoal drawings, your daughters bring out the white clouds from the black ground by means of bread-crumb: this is the ordinary way of drawing the object in the ground; whereas, for skies, the ground is drawn in the cloud by washing with water-colors. Another habit that the eye has to learn.

With regard to the colors, they are made such as we see them. Cobalt blue and ultramarine are preferable; but we can also use other blues without detriment, especially in skies of a greenish blue. Red, brown, or vermillion, mixed with ivory-black or indigo, can also be used for the vanishing tones of skies.

Let us re-descend to the earth, to study its beasts. Animals generally have a white, black, yellow, or gray dress. I have mentioned above how these four tones are prepared.

One great advantage of water-color is the ability to model an entire animal with a single tone. Thus we catch right off the light and the shade. The light is very close on animals with short hair, more open on animals with long hair. Order your daughters to model without troubling themselves about the details of the hair. When they are finishing, they can take them out, or *gouache**them in the necessary places.

In saying the necessary places, I mean the striking places. We must always bear in mind that the eye of the spectator catches first the ensemble, and that it only goes into the inspection of the details when it is satisfied with the general appearance. That is, of itself, a great eulogium on an artist, to stand before his picture and say: "What a pity it is not finished." Do not people speak thus in the presence of a beautiful unfinished construction? They feel that the work has been well conceived, and regret that the author has not been able to finish it. The imagination of the spectator puts itself in the position of the artist, so as to finish the picture or the construction, and often it is more taken by it than by a finished work. This is why large sums have been lavished on mere sketches.

But when a picture is incorrectly finished, that is to say, when all the details are there without their masses, it is no more regarded than is a heap of withered flowers. There is everything in it; there is nothing in it.

M. É. C.

* To put in a body color.

FIFTEENTH LETTER.

REMARKS—HOW TO PLACE A FIGURE IN THE SHADOW—HAIR AND WIG—LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

“ Your daughters’ work does not resemble faded flowers. Already you find that it has form and style. An English engraver has told you that he could make charming engravings from some of their designs.” In sending me this, my dear Julia, you bestow upon me an eulogium of which I have the right to be as proud as your daughters are. Under my method of instruction, the first essays are masterly efforts. So I am going to open course after course for the propagation of this simple idea. I experience so much pleasure in seeing my pupils do what I should not do. The mother who sees her son develop and become a handsome and intelligent cavalier is not happier. She gazes upon him and listens to him with admiration. Sueh is the picture of you, of me, in the presence of your daughters. I do you the honor of not doubting it.

Water-colors cannot but increase your pleasure. They proceed, too, by masses. You must have noticed that the drawings and water-colors of a scholar do not excel in this respect—very naturally; one must be very skilful in order to finish the details without altering the masses. Hitherto pupils have always begun by finishing their drawings by hatching, and their first water-colors by stippling. So they

say, when they have become men: "I could draw when I was young: I made magnificent heads; but at present I could not draw a straight line." Such ones have never learned to draw. That is a knowledge which is never forgotten; on the contrary, we progress without working; because, although the hand is at rest the mind is not. But when we have copied and shaded a great lumbering head by hatching, as the practice is still kept up to-day in many studios, we may be sure that we do not know any more than we did at first.

The science of drawing and painting is so neglected or rather so badly understood in our days, that there are artists who have worked for ten years without knowing how to put a figure in the shadow in the background of a picture. Outside of their foreground we perceive something misty, fantastical; but living beings, never. If they had commenced with water-colors, like your daughters, they would boldly plant a drawn, accentuated, colored figure in the shadow or in the half-tint, as Paul Veronese has done, and this figure would be alive, in its right place, not too far forward nor too far back.

Do you remember that at boarding-school we were never satisfied with the pictures that they gave us to copy, and were always saying: "How shall we work from nature?" If at this period I had discovered tracing, that infallible teacher which I give to my pupils, what master-pieces we should have executed in the very teeth of our masters, and in spite of them! Yes, master-pieces, I venture to say.

And if I had had this simple process that I am finally going to reveal to you, which immediately transfers any fig-

ure or object whatever to the shadow or half-tint, we should have made a resolution.

The process, here it is:

Begin by drawing the whole composition. Then pass a general gray tone over everything that you wish to put in the shadow or the half-tint. This tone will be more or less dark, according as the shadow or the half-tint that you wish to obtain is more or less vigorous. Then paint on the gray paper as though it were white, and the tones which would otherwise be tones of light become tones of shadow or half-tint. Do you understand me? On gray paper you make blondes, brunettes, negroes, with the colors that you would use on white paper, and you find, to your surprise, those tones of shadow and half-tint which characterize the great colorists. I am indebted for this process to the various attempts that I made in copying their works in water-color.

Try to reverse the process. Pass the gray tone over the color. You will get only a bungling performance and muddy colors.

To find the tone of the shadow and the half-tint;

To find the shadow and the half-tint in the shadow itself;

To model in the shadow and the half-tint:

These are the three great difficulties of painting.

My simple process solves them all.

If you isolate from the other figures the one thus executed in the shadow, if you look at it carefully for some time, you will find in it the little blue tones of the light and the tones of reflection so perfectly, that you will think it has become luminous. It will not return to the shadow until you have

compared it with the figures placed in the light. In receding, it has nothing misty or fantastic. It preserves its life, just as in nature; we cannot say that it does not exist.

A painter was one day exhibiting with pride to a rich London amateur a head of light hair perfectly executed. "O, yes, it is hair," said the Englishman; "but it's a wig." There was no life in it.

To give life to what we portray, that, my dear Julia, is the object of painting. In this Rubens excels: this it is that has given him the name of master of masters. Does he owe this eminent quality to his genius alone? Does he not also owe it to his profound knowledge of nature, that nature which he had before his eyes in northern countries, where we see the blood circulating under the cuticle: where the life is, so to speak, laid bare? He found in his own family, in the transparent-fleshed young girls who surrounded him, those types for all ages, so often reproduced and so much admired, the Venuses, the Helens, the Ledas, the Ceres, the Floras, in short, all the blonde goddesses of heathendom, even to the Virgin of the Christians, also blonde, with the blooming cheeks and the red lips of your daughters. And his genius has made them live again on the canvas.

Believe me, all the great painters have wished to excel in color. Those who were less of colorists than their rivals regretted it. When Titian exhibited his Venuses, he prevented Raphael from sleeping. More keenly than any one else did Raphael feel the admiration that they must inspire. So great, in fact, is the magic power of the brush that created them, that amateurs have remained for years in Florence, solely for

the pleasure of going every day to contemplate them and to admire the most marvellous harmony of beautiful forms and beautiful colors. I have never seen anything more beautiful. It is the apogee of art.

You must laugh at me, my dear Julia, noticing that whenever I speak of a master-piece I always say: "I have never seen anything more beautiful." This exclamation has escaped from me, by turns, in the presence of a Rubens, a Paul Veronese, a Raphael, a Poussin. To-day, it is Titian to whom I render this homage. It seems that in the presence of beautiful pictures I am like our gentlemen in the presence of beautiful women: the last is always in the right.

However, as to myself, there are only two ways of liking *chefs-d'œuvre*. I love some with a real love, I like others in the way of friendship.

Those that I love, I loved them without after-thought, at first sight, struck by that ravishing splendor which is irresistible. As to the others, those that have my friendship, it was by seeing them frequently, by studying them, that I appreciated them and became attached to them. Amateurs of painting will understand me. I do not doubt but that they have, unconsciously, experienced the same emotions in the presence of so many master-pieces, the constant objects of their adoration.

After this I expect to see your daughters analyzing their feelings, to find out whether they love or like a picture. Their observations will perhaps amuse you as much as the anxiety of Margaret, who is afraid she loves her young cousin because she always sneezes when he comes. M. E. C.

SIXTEENTH LETTER.

LESSON—COPYING A PICTURE—COMPOSING A PICTURE.

IN order to copy a picture in water-colors, my dear Julia, you must proceed with method, and never be in haste. Take a tracing of the picture, if the water-color is to be of the same size; and if you wish to reduce it, trace it precisely as though drawing it from nature. That must be your first care.* It is important to make a careful study of the drawing on ordinary paper, first, in order to transfer it to wash-paper without mistakes. It is transferred simply by tracing through a window-pane, or by red paper put between the trace-copy and the white paper.

Unless a bore should come in, you will have to stretch your drawing yourself on the board.

You then pass a general tone of yellow ochre over the whole paper, in order to give it a yellow-white tone.

While studying with your daughters the picture that they are going to copy, you will make them notice all the parts that are in the half-tint, figures, furniture, ground. As soon as the yellow tint is perfectly dry, they will cover with a tone of ivory-black, in their drawing, all that is in the half-tint in the original. Do you see how necessary our charcoal-drawing is, how it facilitates what I now ask?

* See "Cavé on Drawing," eighth letter.

One matter well settled.

The paper remains intact wherever we find the luminous parts of the drawing ; all the rest is covered with a gray half-tint.

• They will begin by painting those persons or objects of the picture that have the most light, the parts which fix the attention, and then continue copying until done, always taking up the lighter points before the bolder ones, in order to preserve the proper value of the effects of the light. Where there are some parts bolder than others, they are treated with a second gray tint, but, in every case, before the color is put on.

Your daughters will certainly make blunders ; they will make the tones too light or too dark ; but that is a matter of practice. Their very mistakes will teach them. I can only tell them in the words of the gospel : " Seek and you shall find, if you follow my teachings."

The copies should be repeated from memory, after the manner of a sketch. It is also good to make sketches from the pictures of the great colorists, and reproduce them from memory. These exercises will accustom the eye to find the correct tones and harmonize them.

From copied compositions we pass to compositions from nature.

Our pupils will compose from memory, in order to give the correct movement and expression. Quite naturally they will adapt the movement to the form, because the recollection of nature caught in the act will come to the end of their charcoal ; for it is with charcoal that we compose.

The composition being settled, they will take up the model in order to study the details. The choice of models is not a matter of indifference. They should be of the same kind as the figures we have drawn. If they are short while the figures are long, thin, and the figures are stout, how shall we ever arrive at the ensemble, at truthfulness? They give the detail of the form.

They do not give the movement, which, if taken from them, is always stiff and false. The painter himself must perform the action of his picture, or he will give only a puppet show. If he cannot compose without the help of his models, he is no painter. The pupil who has learned to draw from memory knows more about it than he does. What characterizes the works of the masters is their power in the presence of nature. We see that they are her masters. They find shapes, attitudes, that one woman in a thousand can offer. With them, the model is only a slave wearing drapery. What can we expect from painters who demand everything of their models, both the composition of their drawing and the movement of their figures? Nothing. They tremble at the sight of nature, whom they have never studied, whom they know not; as an inexperienced orator trembles before the public, because he does not possess the faculty of remembering language. Both of them hem and haw.

It is unnecessary to repeat here what I have already said about composition in the fifteenth letter on *Drawing*.

When your daughters are satisfied with the ensemble and the details of their drawing, they will trace off their compo-

sition on wash-paper, stretch it, and pass over it the yellow ochre tint.

Then they will return to their drawing, in order to study out the effect by means of charcoal. When they have caught it, they will pass to the harmony of the tones.

To find this harmony, they must make a sketch.

The sketch is the composition reduced to the tenth, the twentieth part of the picture.

Over this reduced composition your daughters will pass the effect by means of a gray tone of ivory-black. They will obtain this effect from the drawing that they made in charcoal.

The *chiaro-oscuro* of the sketch being determined, they will make their selections among all the pretty toilettes of which the flowers and the butterflies offer so many models, and will dress their composition as they would a single person.

They will notice that the great masters have always painted a white stuff between the skin and the colored stuffs.

They will not forget that there are tones which stand out and tones which stand back of themselves. Thus, where they wish to obtain brilliant lights, they know that yellow, orange, red, and pink are the colors that stand out most with white. They know that very bold black has also the power to take possession of the foreground. Their studies in the harmony of opposites in the flowers will be of great help to them, without their suspecting it. In a word, they will dress their composition as they dress themselves, with art and good taste.

Nearly all painters are in the habit of making their sketch very small, in order to take in the ensemble at a glance; this is an excellent rule, and I have always been astonished that the idea of making pupils begin by drawing from small models has not occurred to all the professors, as it has to our great artist, M. Ingres. In fact, by practicing at first with small proportions, we acquire the knowledge of masses before that of details, we catch more quickly the fittings and jointings, that is to say, we know how to put a hand on an arm, to put an eye in its place, before studying the hand and the eye separately in all their details. What an odd idea, to teach a pupil how to draw an eye, a nose, a mouth, detached from the head! Why not also make them draw the nails by themselves?

Gifted artists, who have begun by drawing from memory, work at first on a very small scale. Hence their aptitude in catching the ensemble of persons, animals, all that they see. In the presence of nature, as soon as they wish to make a detailed study of it in large proportions, they are able, at the first stroke, to place a figure in the desired movement.

Small proportions force us to bring out only what is essential. We cannot, in a little bit of a figure, express all that we see. We limit ourselves, therefore, to the choice of that which characterizes the form, even exaggerating it to make ourselves understood. Look at the little *chefs-d'œuvre* engraved on antique gems; as soon as we enlarge them by the Rouillet process, they acquire a most extraordinary boldness of form and expression. The admirable engravers whose names they have handed down to us, had caught all

the difficulties of the reduction ; they knew how to tint precisely the essential points ; for instance, out of three folds to preserve that one which reveals the form, to take that wrinkle which characterizes the physiognomy, etc. We can copy a large figure stupidly ; a small one, never.

So we find in the *croquis*, in the sketches of the great masters, all their spirit and all their fire. Their pictures always seem colder. We see that by enlarging their figures they have tamed down what I shall call the expression of form.

The expression of form is given only by memory ; it is feeling expressed by movement, gesture, and physiognomy.

M. É. C.

SEVENTEENTH LETTER.

REMARKS—ON THE HARMONY OF COLORS IN COMPOSITION
—THE SKETCH.

YOUR daughters having already produced effects so piquant that an engraver finds them worthy of his tools, I shall not, my dear Julia, recommend to them a fresh perusal of my letter on composition, in the letters on *Drawing*. That would be to insult them.

They have now reached the most difficult part of the art of painting; and, indeed, had they not carried out my instructions in every respect, I should fear that they might recoil before the impossible. Fortunately, I have not got to that extremity, and I write my thirty-second letter in confident assurance.

Thirty-two letters on the art of drawing and painting would be a great deal to read in a day, but nothing to study in two or three years. In expounding my doctrines, I have been concise; for the pupil that is bored learns nothing. But in sending you these letters at pretty long intervals, I have probably indicated that I did not intend to be read at one breath. In fact, it is only by practice that you will understand me perfectly, unless you are already an artist.

The art of drawing and the art of painting require that the hand should be the accurate expression of the thought. We must then acquire an execution, an address, which the

art of writing does not require; physical effort must be joined to intellectual, we must become skilful not only with our minds, but with our hands.

M. Eugène Delacroix has said, on speaking of the letters on *Drawing*: "I shall not go to law with writers who, without being thoroughly acquainted with painting, or even without having practiced its rudiments, write upon the art, and give complacent advice to artists."

Why should not these same writers also give to physicians and surgeons complacent advice on the art of healing and operating? They would have just as much right. Fortunately, the witty raillery of M. Delacroix is not applicable to all. We have read some articles on painting which will always remain master-pieces of acuteness and judgment. But, *nota bene*, the littérateurs who wrote them lived with painters, and used their tools, enough, at least, to know the danger of handling them without practice and study.

Practice and experience, study and observation, that is what my lessons must have given to your daughters, and that is what they will need to-day in order to go boldly to the attack of the sketch.

The sketch of a composition—is the picture.

The picture should excel the sketch only in the superiority of the details. Into the sketch the painter throws his spirit, his soul, and his heart. Into the picture he puts all his knowledge, his patient and devoted work, that is to say, his firm resolve to submit to his sketch. The sketch is made *con amore*; the picture, with that calmer and more lasting sentiment which I shall call friendship. The sketch is the

work of a day or an hour; the picture is the work of a year or of several months. Do you appreciate all the force of will that is needed to execute in a year what has been conceived in a day?

So, my dear Julia, a great artist has said: "Years are needed before succeeding in putting into one's picture all that there is in one's sketch."

Inspiration is fleeting. To sustain ourselves for a long while at the pitch of inspiration is to make a fire by the cold process, so to speak. We need for it that iron courage which men claim to be their privilege, and which is only met with in such of them as are in a measure women.

In saying to you, my dear Julia, that the sketch was the work of a day or an hour, I meant its execution on paper or on canvas, as a thought. But we must reflect upon it a long while, before making the first line. There are some sketches that I have thought over whole years: and how many will remain mere projects! I let all my ideas germinate and ripen in my head, and it is only when I see them, with my mind's eye, complete and finished, that I decide upon realizing them on paper. And then they drop from my brush as ripe fruit falls from the tree.

And it should be thus, in order that the imagination may be otherwise employed, not coming every moment to hinder the execution of pictures by suggesting now this variation, now that. Ever since my *début* in art, I have succeeded in securing a great resemblance between my sketch and my picture. Artists, admiring my *sang-froid*, have often said to me: "How is it that you contrive to make no change in your

first idea?" I compose, *in petit*, pendants to the picture that I am executing. In this way I can sit before it calm and cold.

The sketch is the work of observation in drawing and colors, preserved in the memory for the use of the imagination.

All the parts of a picture reflect one another. Your daughters have noticed, I am sure, that when they pass from one room to another, their complexion changes at times; that they are prettier in certain places; that their toilette shows to more advantage in one parlor than another. The whole science of color lies in this observation, that persons reflect their surroundings. Hence, the harmony which prevails between them. This is what I called upon you to admire in Watteau, when I said to you: "The figures belong so completely to the trees, and the trees to the figures, that we see that they breathe the same air." Paul Veronese, beneath those brilliant porticos, possesses, in an eminent degree, this quality of atmosphere. The one formed his impressions while following with his eyes, his personages frolicking in the gardens of *le Nôtre*; the other, while watching the formation of groups under the magnificent colonnades of the palace. We feel that their figures never came to them isolated from their background, and that they have seen, in all their entirety, the scenes that their genius has reproduced.

The grand dispute between colorists and drawers may be settled thus: the former see one corner of nature completely, in its ensemble, with its lines, its color, its atmosphere, and out of the whole they make a poem. The latter see only

some beautiful lines here for their figures, other beautiful lines there for their landscape, and out of these beautiful scattered debris they try to make a whole. But nature comes to claim her rights, and says: " You only put asunder what I have united." She desires to have her pictures remain as she has made them, because she alone knows how to make them, and knows that those which are made without her have not anything of her. Her variety is infinite, but her laws are the same everywhere and in all ages. The scenes of ancient history reappear to us in modern history. It was while seeing a great worldly festival that Paul Veronese imagined the " Wedding in Cana." It was in the presence of the beautiful Roman women suckling their infants, that Raphael composed his admirable Virgins.

After all, the subject is of so little importance to posterity, that artists, genuine amateurs, never trouble themselves about it. The action is given well or badly, the sentiment expressed well or badly, the picture is fine or it is ugly. A painter is not a historian ; we have books for our instruction. A beautiful picture is like a beautiful woman : we do not ask her name or her address, to determine whether she is beautiful.

To return to our subject. To commence by drawing and grouping figures on white paper, without at the same time making the background on which they are to stand out and live, is to commit an absurdity, is to build in the air. Has God commenced by creating man and the animals before creating the earth ? The background is to the figures in a picture what the earth is to man : they cannot be isolated

one from the other. Do your friends ever appear to you in empty space? When you think of them, you always picture them to yourself as being in some place or other, engaged in some act or other; thus it is that the figures of a picture should present themselves to your daughters. This memory I have trained in them has opened their eyes, doubtless without their being aware of it, to the relations of all objects to one another. The color of harmony, the color of reflection, will be sure to strike them, in consequence of the habit I have taught them of composing the figures in front of the background, instead of composing the background behind the figures. In this way they have attained, in the most natural manner, the science of sketching, the object of our studies, the one that I have had in view ever since my first lesson, and towards which I have constantly conducted them step by step.

I said, in my last lesson, that they ought to dress their sketches with art and good taste, as they dress themselves. I should have said, as you dress them, you, who could give every mother lessons on the art of dressing her children gracefully, without overloading them with useless trinkets that give them the appearance of learned poodles. How many painters fall into this error, through trying to embellish their sketches! They make a cheap jewelry shop of them, that bears no resemblance to anything. Let us urge them to greater simplicity; but let us be lenient to them, for the sketch is the artist's well-beloved daughter. He creates it with passion, he adorns it with tenderness, as a mother ornaments her daughter when she expects the young man for

whom she has destined her. The painter's sketch has a somewhat similar destination: it awaits the amateur.

Since I am initiating you into the mysteries of painting, I cannot refrain from telling you what an amateur is. I have been assured that, since the fortunate February revolution, there are scarcely any more of them to be seen, and that perhaps the species will become extinct. That would be a pity.

An amateur is not a great lord rolling in wealth because his ancestors deserved to be hung, who, through vanity, scatters his money among artists in order to purchase the title of protector of the arts; not the habitué of the Stock Exchange, who, when stocks are rising, gets up a museum, only to sell it in the *rue des jeûneurs* when the market falls. No, those fellows are easily recognized: they enter the artist's studio making a great fuss, higgle over everything, even to the frames, and pay liberally but insolently. With reluctance does the artist deliver up his works to them. But who is that man, hitherto unobserved, who has got into the studio, no one knows how or when, and who seems to be at home? An amateur. He does not visit every painter. There are only three or four whom he fancies, and whose works he seeks after, either at their studios or at sales. With what scrutinizing attention does he let his eye wander from the finished picture to the picture begun, from the picture begun to the sketch! What joy he feels at meeting with a successful first *croquis*! It is a God-send. "Do not put another touch to it," he says to the painter; "you would only spoil it." And he takes possession of it, in consideration of a few gold pieces that the artist does not count, and he hastens to hang it up in

his cabinet, taking great pains to put it in a good light, and so that it will harmonize with the other marvels that surround it: for on no account whatever would he sacrifice one of them to another. He loves them all with the affection of a father or a lover. Since we are admitted into the sanctuary, let us cast our eyes about us. No luxury; only a few objects of antiquity, or some old tapestry, that merely serve to give relief to the objects of his worship. How neat and well arranged everything is! Are you astonished, then, that the amateur's wife should be jealous of his collection? Are you astonished that he should rise from his lunch precipitately about one o'clock, in a panic lest the servant might not have closed a shutter and the sun should come in and devour one of his little *chef's-d'œuvre*? He will console himself by admiring their beauties once more: that is his happiness. And while we are here, let us be careful not to evince any too great composure, to speak of things outside, or to see any defects. He would hold us in sovereign contempt, and his doors would be shut on us for ever. The poorer he is, the greater the sacrifices he has made to gratify his passion. Let us not disturb his delight: all passion is ferocious.

He would not have this sensitiveness towards the painter. Between them there is an inexplicable bond of union. Define, if you can, this irresistible feeling which causes one man to attach himself to another, to give an almost exclusive preference to his works, to pass entire hours in watching him at work, following with his eye every movement of his brush, and holding his breath so as not to disturb him. If the artist were to permit it, the amateur would follow him like his

shadow, and end by making himself a sharer in all his happy or unhappy emotions.

I understand perfectly the pleasure that one who is not an amateur finds in watching a man of talent work. We are present at an act of creation. It is a beautiful dream that we pass through wide awake. Louis Philippe often indulged in this pastime, but not in silence. He was fond of giving advice to the artists, readily sacrificing the picturesque part of a picture to historical accuracy.

People know that the Emperor of Russia takes great delight in seeing Horace Vernet work.

But there is one thing that they do not know; would Horace Vernet have given his talent to be Emperor of Russia or King of the French? Would the Emperor of Russia or Louis Philippe have exchanged their crown for the talent of Horace Vernet?

This much is sure, that Horace Vernet has experienced more pleasure and less ennui, that his kingdom is secure from revolutions and the ingratitude of nations. Happy privilege of the arts! Nor is this the only one. However great Alexander and Francis I. may have been, they have left fewer souvenirs than Raphael and Titian; and if we go back still further, what are the heroes of the Iliad along-side of him who has sung them?

M. É. C.

P. S.—I have made you fully recognize all the difficulty there is in reducing the tones of the models who sit in your studio to the tones that you have given them in your sketch, but I have forgotten to teach you the means of overcoming

this difficulty. An instance. If you have an open-air background, it is impossible for the walls of your studio to produce on your model all the reflections from the sky and the trees that must be cast upon your figures, and which your daughters have noticed in their sketch. Here is the rule. Take pieces of white, yellow, green, and other satin, and arrange them so as to reflect your model in the tones of the sketch. By this process I have always obtained all the tones that I found in nature.

EIGHTEENTH LETTER.

PAINTING IN OILS.

LET us begin, my dear Julia, by saying that colors in tubes are more convenient than colors in bladders.

The principal colors are the same as those in water-colors, and they must be well studied and known before any new ones are added.

You see Mary has made herself quite familiar with all the tones, by making water-colors from oil-paintings.

I shall now say to her: Make your studies in oils from water-colors, in order to understand well the tones and their value in the shadow.

But, in the next place, Mary must devote her entire intelligence, her entire skill, to one or the other of the two methods of painting; let her consider well which of the two is more in accordance with her taste. I shall always say to young girls who are intending to marry: Select water-colors, because you will never give them up, because they are cleanly work, because you can paint an hour, a half-hour. The palette is always ready, and does not dry, while oil-painting calls for at least three hours without interruption, and the palette, when once changed, is lost unless used.

I repeat: if you wish to have a genuine talent, take your choice, do not seek to excel in both; it is too difficult to be

incessantly changing one's palette, one's brush, consequently one's way of painting. But remember, if you adopt oil-painting, that you must always continue to make your sketches in water-colors, in order to have a free and decided *chiaro-oscuro*.

However, it is needless to say this to Mary; a conscientious pupil of my method, the contrary will never occur to her. As soon as she has understood the art of making a picture in charcoal, the art of reproducing it in color without changing the *chiaro-oscuro*, without altering the arrangement of the light, she is born with the sense of composition and color, she will become a painter, I have no doubt of it.

I shall only say to her that there is nothing more useful, when one wishes to attain to genuine talent as a water-colorist, than to make rough draughts in oils.

I am going to give her, then, the first principles of the method of painting in oils; with these principles, she will make draughts only, if she decides upon being a water-colorist. If, on the contrary, she wishes to make oil-painting a serious study, she can, with this method, perfect it, to her heart's content; but, by devoting all her time, all her skill, and all her intelligence.

A draught is not a draught because it is done quickly; at that rate, the greater part of the Velasquez, the Rubenses, the Paul Veroneses, and even the Raphaels would be draughts.

My profile, made by M. Ingres, would be a draught; he made it in an hour, and, nevertheless, it is one of his master-pieces.

Time counts for nothing in a work, there must be knowledge and inspiration.

You must work seriously, then, not straying continually from oil-painting to water-colors, otherwise you will make nothing but sketches; finish, skill, are acquired only by means of a continuous succession of experiments in the same direction, upon the same thing.

This being settled, let us return to oil-painting; I say to Mary, then:

You must choose canvas that is fine-grained but primed dull, not shining.

On this canvas you will draw in ink what you wish to paint.

In order to paint, you must buy hair-pencils and brushes; the pencil pointed and flat, the brushes pointed and flat, two or three blender brushes; different sizes of each.

In order to accustom yourself to the brushes and oil-color, you will first paint a head in monochrome *camaieu*. As I have accustomed you to washing-in a single tone, so you must accustom yourself to impasting in a single tone. You must get the knack of the easel and the maul-stick. For the canvas is placed right before you on your easel, and you lean upon the maul-stick to steady yourself. By occasionally putting the end of the maul-stick on the canvas or the easel, you can spare yourself some fatigue. To take one's position well is itself a study, but a study that experience only can give; so also the handling of the brushes, the appropriate selection of them according to one's native skill, is a study and an experience.

Do I need to tell you that, in order to draw the lines, you must take a pointed brush ; to model, a flat brush ?

Your lines having been drawn in ink, you will pass over the whole canvas burnt sienna mixed with fatty oil ; for it is difficult to learn to model upon white canvas.

This preparation well dried, you make your monochrome tones from an engraved head or a plaster model ; the half-tint, the shadow of reflection, and the shadow of projection, and the pure white for the light.

With these four tones you can learn to model by painting.

You set about it in the manner I am going to tell you :

You pass the tone of the half-tint over the whole figure, laying it on lightly where there are lines.

You take the lightest shadow-tone and you go to work on the masses of shadow ; you next take the white and go to work on the light, leaving the half-tint where it is to remain.

You draw your lines in the paste. But the difficulty lies in uniting all this together, with a flat brush, preserving the direction of the drawing and the modelling.

When, in your modelling, you have joined the light with the half-tint, you go over your bright lights with pure white, and you soften this light again, on the edges, with your flat brush.

In the same way you restore vigor to the shadows that you have weakened while modelling ; and finally, at the very last, you put your bold shadows under the nose, in the corner of the nose and the eye.

You then put all the half-tint on the hair, you fix your light correctly, and you go to work on the shadows.

You see, my dear Mary, that the study of shadow, half-tint, and light that you have made, first with the charcoal, secondly by washing, are now becoming most invaluable to you.

You know how to model. This is for you only a change of material. It is only your skill that you have to exercise.

In a word, you know the art of modelling; you must practice yourself in expressing your thought by a new handicraft.

I leave you, then, to handle your oil-color in monochrome, before speaking to you of color.

You must have seen by the difference in process that I have made between the hair and the figure, that it would answer equally well to put the lights first on the half-tint, or else to commence by attacking the shadows.

In beginning with the light, you follow altogether the plan of charcoal-drawing and washing, which commence by showing the half-tint and the light.

You must try to find out what is easiest, and make and re-make until you succeed, without becoming discouraged; for, if the first production is tolerable, very good; if it is poor, that is only to be expected, the usual way of things.

For the draperies, furniture, pottery, the half-tint over the whole object, same repetition; the light well arranged, and the shadows afterwards.

Do your monochroming, then, courageously, and make an entire picture; *dabble* in it; do not seek to make a finished production, but a rough draught; and by making draught after draught you will acquire the art of finishing. M. É. C.

NINETEENTH LETTER.

PAINTING IN OILS CONTINUED—COLORED COLORS.

FROM oil-color without color let us pass to oil-color with color.

You still prepare the canvas with sienna, as soon as you have drawn the design in ink.

As soon as the drawing is thoroughly dry, pass over the entire canvas a layer of burnt sienna with fatty oil, and let it dry well.

Do not think that this preparation repels the color and renders it black in time. No. The pictures that I rough-draughted fifteen years ago have become bolder, but they are not black.

Moreover, it was the unfinished pictures of Rubens and Greuze that led me to discover the processes that I have employed, and that I am going to transmit to you.

Let us take the flesh-tints to begin with. This blue tone of half-tint, that you make with indigo in water-colors, you make in oil-colors with white, cobalt blue, and a little ivory-black, which you take darker or lighter according as the flesh-tint is blonde or brunette; finally, you must hunt for the tone of the half-tint of the very complexion that you are copying.

Having found the half-tint, you pass it over all that part

that you wish to paint during your sitting. Let us take a head. Where you come to a line, you put it on thinner, so as not to lose the line altogether.

Then you take, as in water-colors, burnt sienna and Naples yellow, and you attack boldly, over your half-tint, all the shadow-parts. Bright yellow and yellow ochre may also be used with burnt sienna, according as the shadows are warmer or greener. It is a matter of trial and experiment, as in water-colors.

You always draw your lines in the paste, with red brown and cobalt blue. This being disposed of, you have a pink flesh-tone that you place over the half-tint on the side where the light is, leaving, however, a slight half-tint between this pink light and the tone of the shadow.

You see that you are following the principles of water-colors.

With a flat brush you model these tones as you modelled the gray tones, always in the direction of the form.

Sometimes you can make use, lightly, of little blender-brushes; but you must be on your guard against them, if they tend to make the work soft and round. On that account I prefer the hair-pencil and the flat brush.

And now you are to put on the grand light of the flesh-tint. It is made with white and with yellow ochre, and by joining it skilfully to the rose tone, you will model admirably, and you will find live flesh-tints like those of Rubens and Greuze.

The rose of the lips and the cheeks you leave to the last, as also the bold parts under the nose and in the eyes; these

are made with lakes and yellow ochre. You put the half-tint of your hair over all the hair, then you attack the shadow and the light: precisely the same tones as in water-colors.

You know them, then; you have handled the brush enough in painting hair in monochrome to have found out how important it is to have the stroke of the brush in the direction of the head or the lock, how much delicacy is required for the roots of the hair along the forehead.

When the head is dressed, you come back to drawing your lines, which are always indented inwards; that is why, with this manner of painting, you will make your work firm and soft at the same time.

For everything that you wish to paint, the same system: always spread the half-tint over all the part that you wish to paint. These half-tints are the same as those in water-colors, always the opposites to the light; you know them as well as I do, since you are acquainted with all the values of the tones.

For objects and persons in the background, water-colors also teach you that you must put ivory-black in the white that you use. So, no more white on your palette as soon as you attack your background, graduated gray tones taking the place of the white, and mixing themselves with all the colors.

The further off the things are, the more you must force the gray tone.

Now understand me perfectly. You paint with the same colors as in the light, you put on the same light; only, in

proportion as the objects recede, your luminous white becomes more and more gray.

This gray white is the shadow, the atmosphere, growing more and more dense between yourself and your figures in proportion as you multiply the perceptive planes of your picture.

Do you now understand how the monochrome modellings that you have made will be of service to you?

Leonardo da Vinci and Prudhon have sometimes let their monochromes dry, and painted by glazing; but I am not acquainted with that system.

Only, you must see that colorists are not afraid of the gray, for the Endymion of Correggio may be admirably copied in this way.

Odd, is it not, to put so much gray in a blonde and golden picture like the one I am trying to make? Well, the secret of making the picture blonde and golden in the background is to employ the gray underneath the shadows and the lights.

For the background of a room, the same process. A white wall is never white in the background, in the light of the white. If you have a stone in the foreground, that is white.

In the same way the most brilliant clouds are never white. But the water-colors that you have made, to begin with, and the monochromes you have painted afterwards, have given you all these lessons.

If you have any black depths, you know also that you must use red brown and cobalt blue, or else indigo; Naples yellow and ivory-black mixed will accomplish wonders.

Remember that crude lakes, however dark they may be, always advance. Transparent colors recede only in glazing over grays.

Painting on ivory, on earthen-ware, on porcelain, can always keep abreast with water-colors. You have only to take a few lessons from the first artists in this line, to learn the trade; but you must not change these principles of color in any respect.

You will be glad to hear that my two large water-colors, the "Tournament," and the "Convalescence of Louis XIII. in Childhood," have been placed in the gallery of the Luxembourg.

That is the place to find the truth of what I am teaching you, on throwing the figures in shadow, and making the background recede.

M. É. C.

TWENTIETH LETTER.

SERIOUS WOMEN—TRIFLING WOMEN.

ONE more word, my dear Julia, before closing this correspondence, which has put me to some trouble, but which, nevertheless, I shall not leave off without a certain feeling of regret; for the labor that we have undertaken for our friends has about it a charm, which grows in attractiveness. But what could I say further? Besides, I have found for myself occupations that consume all my leisure; and, as you know, I am not a writer; I do not even like the art in woman, who has no motive for publishing her thoughts and sentiments; who should, on the contrary, sacredly seclude her life in that mystery of intimacy for which she is born. I have written these letters only in an effort of friendship for you and your dear daughters. The publicity they have met with has embarrassed me somewhat. I have received congratulations that flattered me, no doubt (for they come from artists whom I admire), but which would have been rather oppressive than agreeable, had I not been free to believe that they were more especially addressed to the painter, and I am nothing more.

They have seen that, however, without my telling them. I wish to bear in mind that I took up my pen only to excuse myself for having taken it up, and to demand pardon for my

complete ignorance of the art of writing. Have I expressed myself clearly? That is all I desire. Let people say that my method has nothing methodical about it, that my thought wanders, that I often come back to the same ideas, as in conversing or teaching—they will not hurt my feelings. On the contrary, they will judge of me just as I am, just as I wished to appear. I might have worked on my letters with greater care, or resorted to some practiced pen, so as to acquire an usurped reputation. Why should I have done so? Would my pupils have been any better taught? Would I have painted any better pictures? I should have followed an aim foreign to me.

I like painting above all things. I like it better than music, because it permits a woman to remain at home, because it does not require a public and a theatre. The woman who is a musician must have a little of the audacity of the comédiennne; she must expose herself, like the actress. With painting, however, we need never emerge from that modesty which is one of the virtues and charms of our sex.

Still, we must not misuse the word modesty as the word equality is misused. There is, in certain circles, a tendency to wish that woman should not be anything more than a doll, pleasing her husband and taking the part of mother for his children. This is not my understanding of it. I desire for her a more useful part, one worthier of her, more respectable. Woman should be the intelligent companion of man, that is to say, his associate in the oftentimes painful struggles of life, his supporter, his counsellor, his consoler. She should be for his children not merely a well-dressed idol,

that they are to come and kiss evenings and mornings, not a box of sugar-plums, but a vigilant guardian and an attentive physician, the professor of all that is learned at the home fireside. I wish her to be like the gardener who raises a choice shrub, protecting it from frost and the heat of the sun, pruning it, cleaning it of weeds, straightening it, giving it, in short, all the vigor and all the beauty that it can acquire.

I wish still more; I wish her to take pride in this noble mission on earth. How can an idle and useless woman respect herself and be respected? And who would dare not to respect the woman and mother as I have described her?

That is a reasonable pride. Not that fault which caused the loss of the fallen angels, that exaggerated feeling of one's own worth which leads us to over-estimate ourselves and to wish to domineer others—an error that is punished sooner or later, that produces so many faults, so many deceptions and evils. But that virtue without affectation, that gives us the will and the courage to be worth something, to be useful in our lot, and beyond it, if possible; that calm strength and that serene conscience before which the boldest recoil. Let us respect ourselves, and idle talk will not come and buzz in our ears.

People generally say: "Women are trifling." They should have limited themselves to saying: "There are trifling women." How many women, how many mothers of families, could smile with pity at this word.

We must come to an understanding about this word trifling, that is flung in our faces.

If a pretty young person, adorned with her natural beauty

and all that fashion knows how to add to it, enters a parlor gracefully; if she sits down with a smile and enters into a lively interchange of those thousand little nothings that make up the substance of conversation in society; if, at the first tap of the bow, she flies away like a bird, whirling on the arm of a cavalier with that expression of pleasure which is so becoming to youth, without which we might say there was no youth, you exclaim: "A trifling woman!"

You are very trifling yourself. Trifling! What do you know about it?

In society she is just what she should be, natural, charming, elegant; in a word, a woman.

But, on the morrow of the ball, get access to her home, come and sit down by her fireside. You will find her up early, having already laid aside the flowers of the night before, and given her first attention to her beautiful children. She receives you in a toilette that is simple and elegant, like the apartments in which she resides. Speak to her on serious matters, she listens to you with attention, and you are not a little surprised at the good sense of her answers. Is this not enough to make you blush for your prejudice? Well, look around you; do you not see, off there, near the window, a palette and brushes? That water-color is our work. An amateur bought it, and it paid for our last night's toilette, for we are not rich. That other one will give our husband a handsome pony that he regrets not being able to buy. As to that pastel, it is going to enrich a lottery for the benefit of the poor mothers of the ward.

I do not say all I might, for I do not wish to be accused

of vaunting my sex and soliciting *Montyon* prizes for it. But how many cruel sufferings I could cite, borne without murmur and with a smiling face! What long, unrecognized devotion, without any other prospect than ingratitude! Oh! women are trifling!

Let us be on our guard, however, my dear Julia, against presuming too much on ourselves, and let us be what we can be, and keep our places. Men really love us only for what we are worth. A puerile book has been written on the art of pleasing; no one has ever thought of the art of making one's self beloved. If it should happen that I were obliged to give up painting, I should publish some letters on this subject.

I have decided to publish the third part of this work, under the title: "The Woman of To-Day, the Woman of Yesterday." It will be the résumé of my meditation on the necessity of turning our attention to woman.*

MARIE-ÉLISABETH CAVÉ.

* After no little hesitation, I offer the above as a conjectural rendering of the original: "*sur la nécessité de s'occuper de la femme.*" It may mean "The need of occupation for woman."—TR.

COLORS FOR THE PALETTE.

THESE colors can be had in leaden tubes, like oil-colors.

In this way they do not dry, and they can be put on the paper as clear and as thick as may be desired.

Pastilles have this inconvenience: they come unglued, and if you are so unlucky as to drop your palette, they will break, because they dry so far as to lose their transparency.

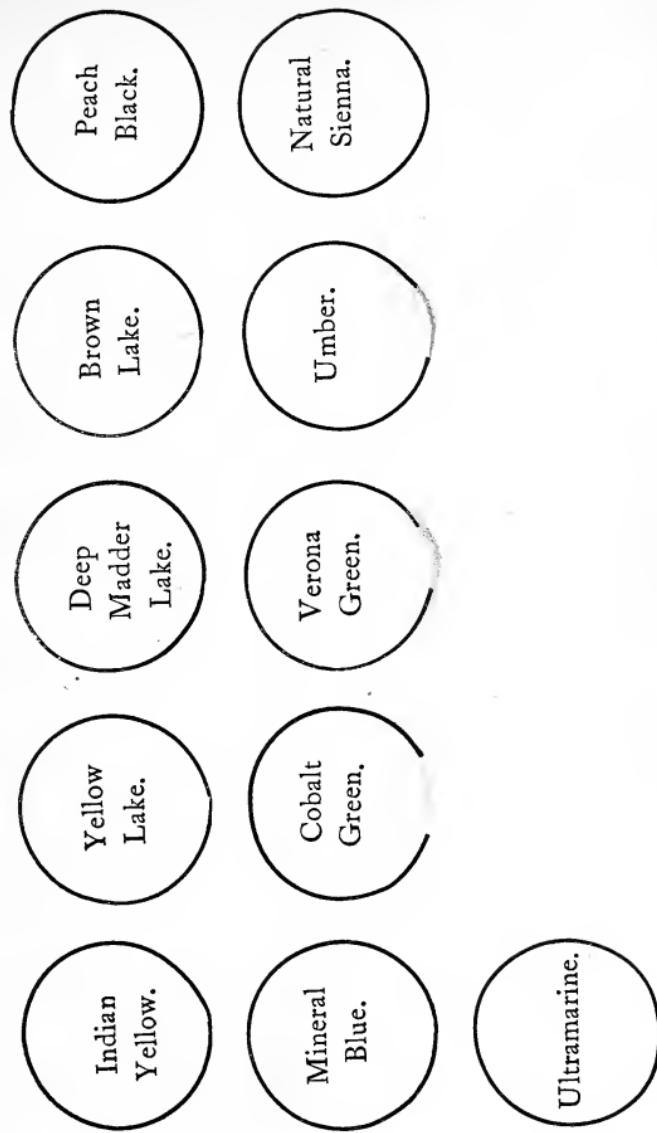
Of course, if you find an unusual tone that is not put down here, you must use it; for the richness of your palette will not do any harm when you are very familiar with the first necessary colors.

You must first familiarize yourself with these and be mistrustful of the others for the flesh-tints.

FIRST PALETTE.

White.	Vermilion.	Cobalt Blue.	Red Brown.	Burnt Sienna.	Yellow Ochre.	Italian Earth.	Fine Lake.	Indigo.	Ivory Black.	Bitumen or Cassel Earth.	Ordinary Lake.
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SECOND PALETTE.





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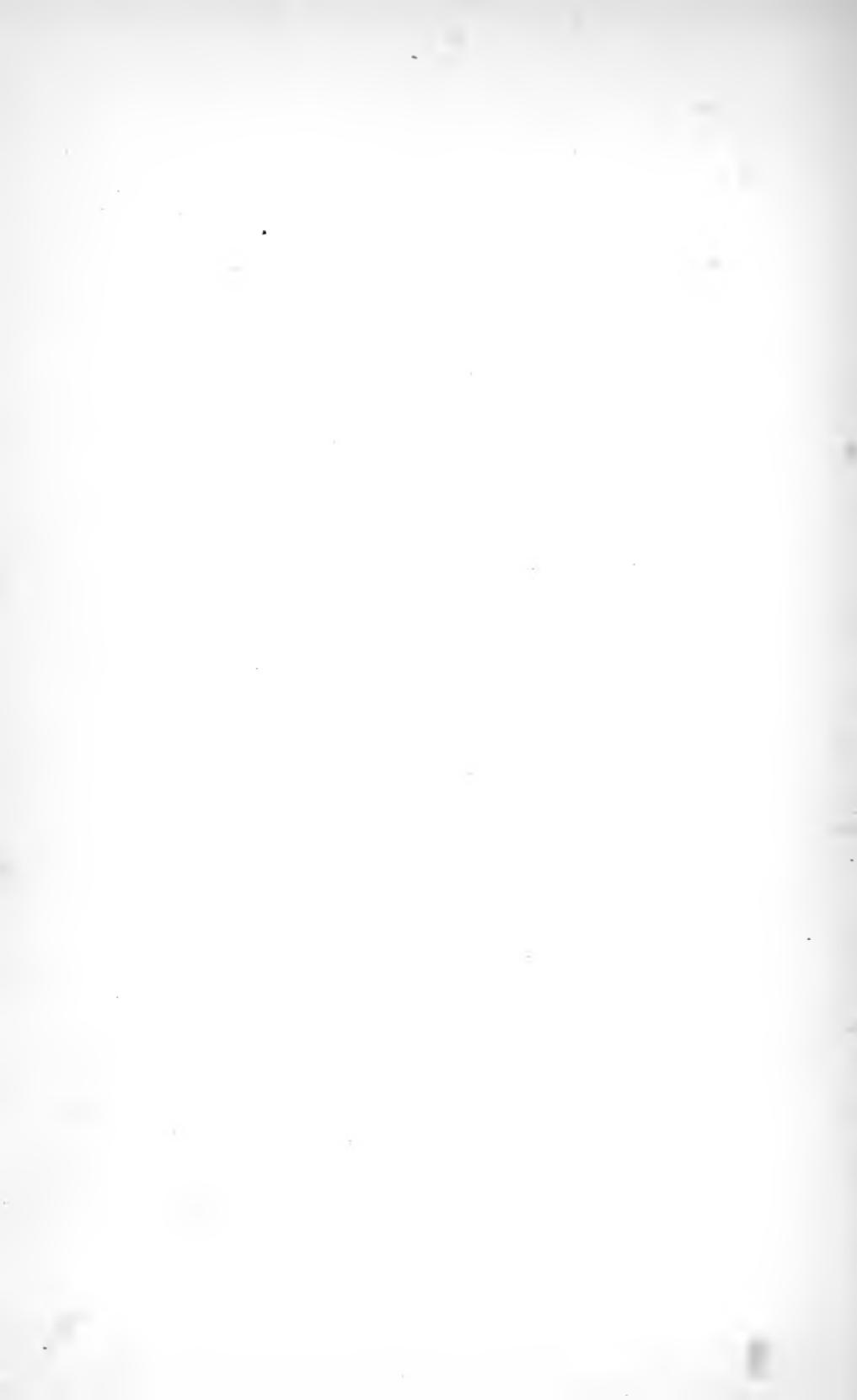
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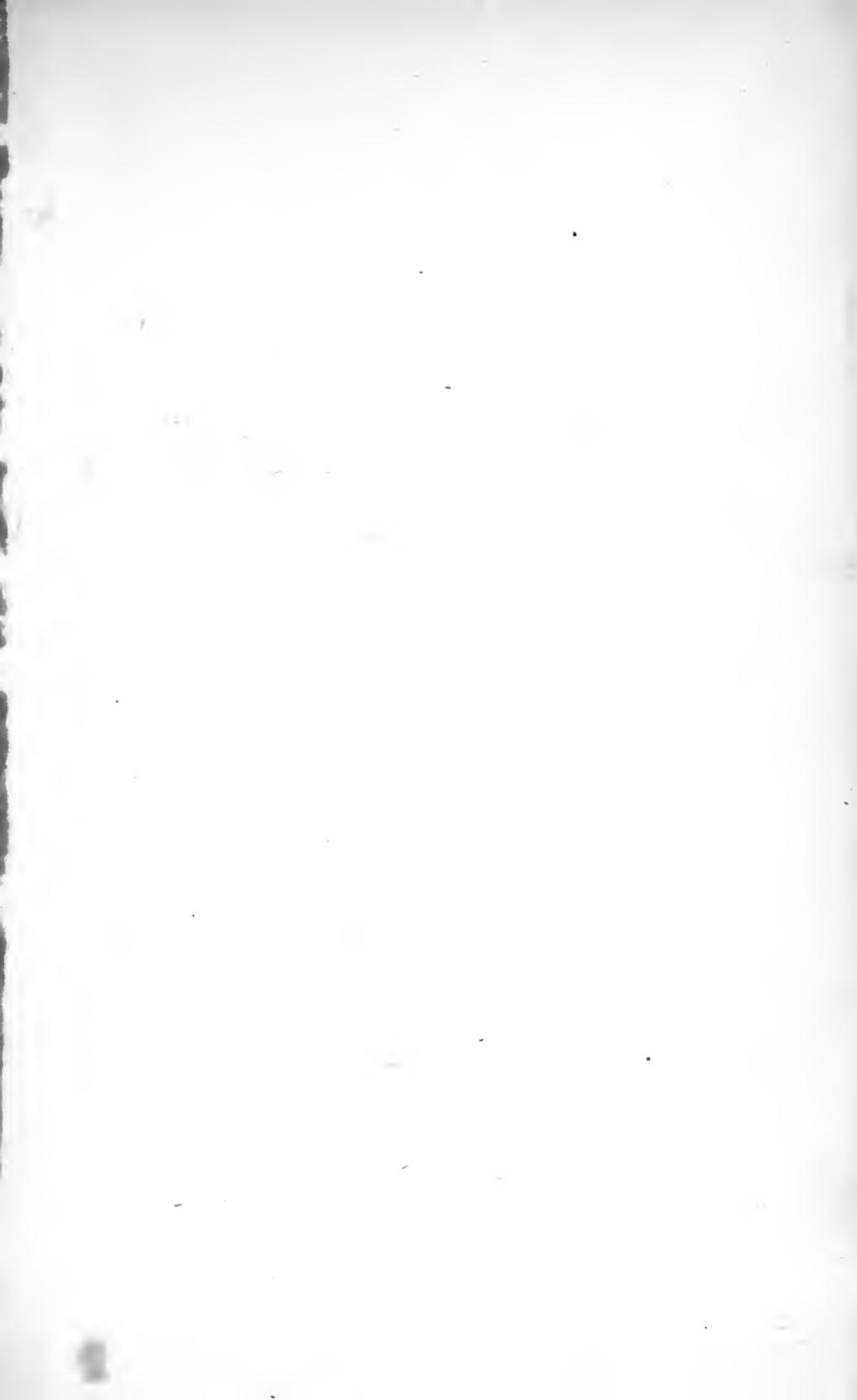
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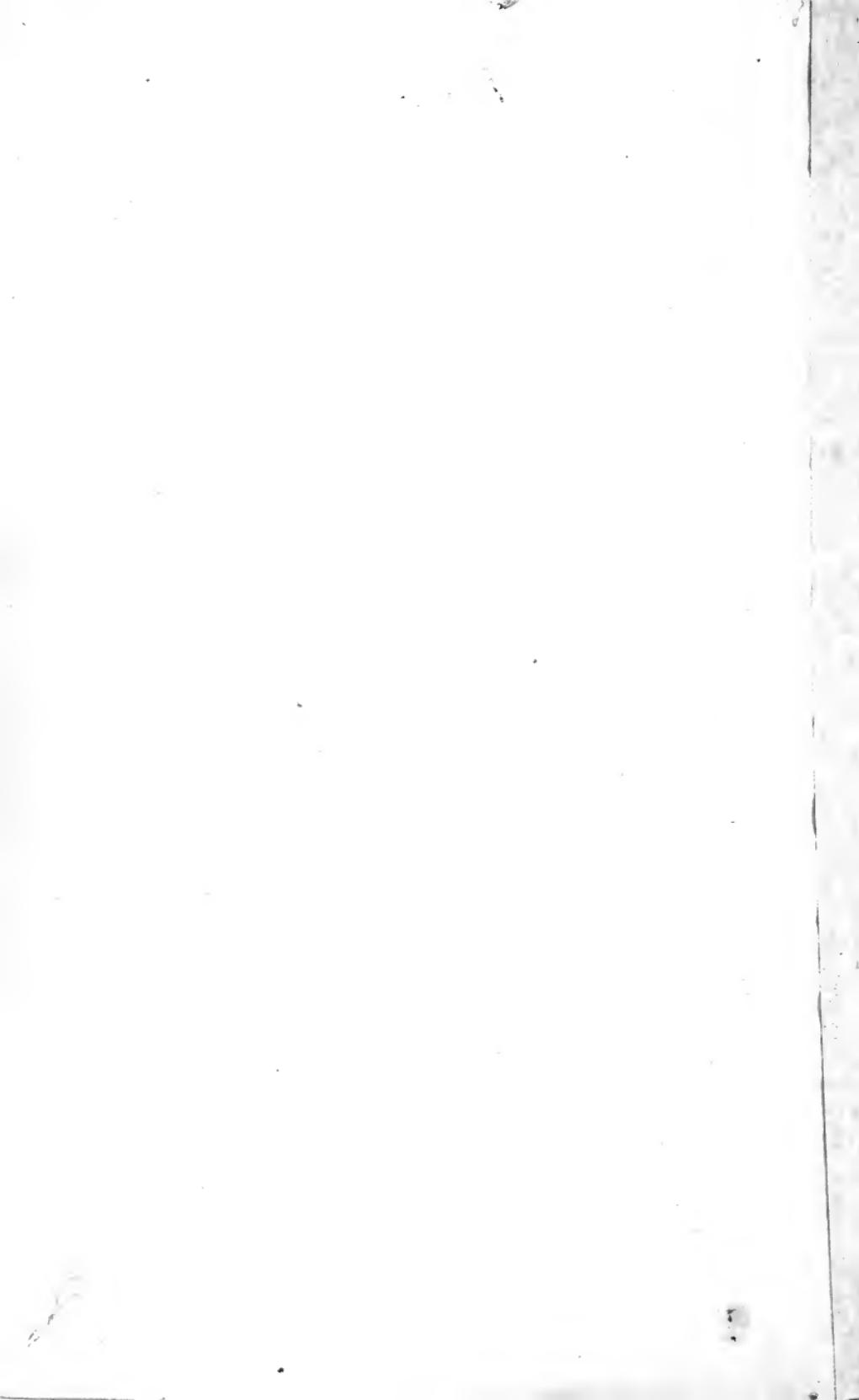
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